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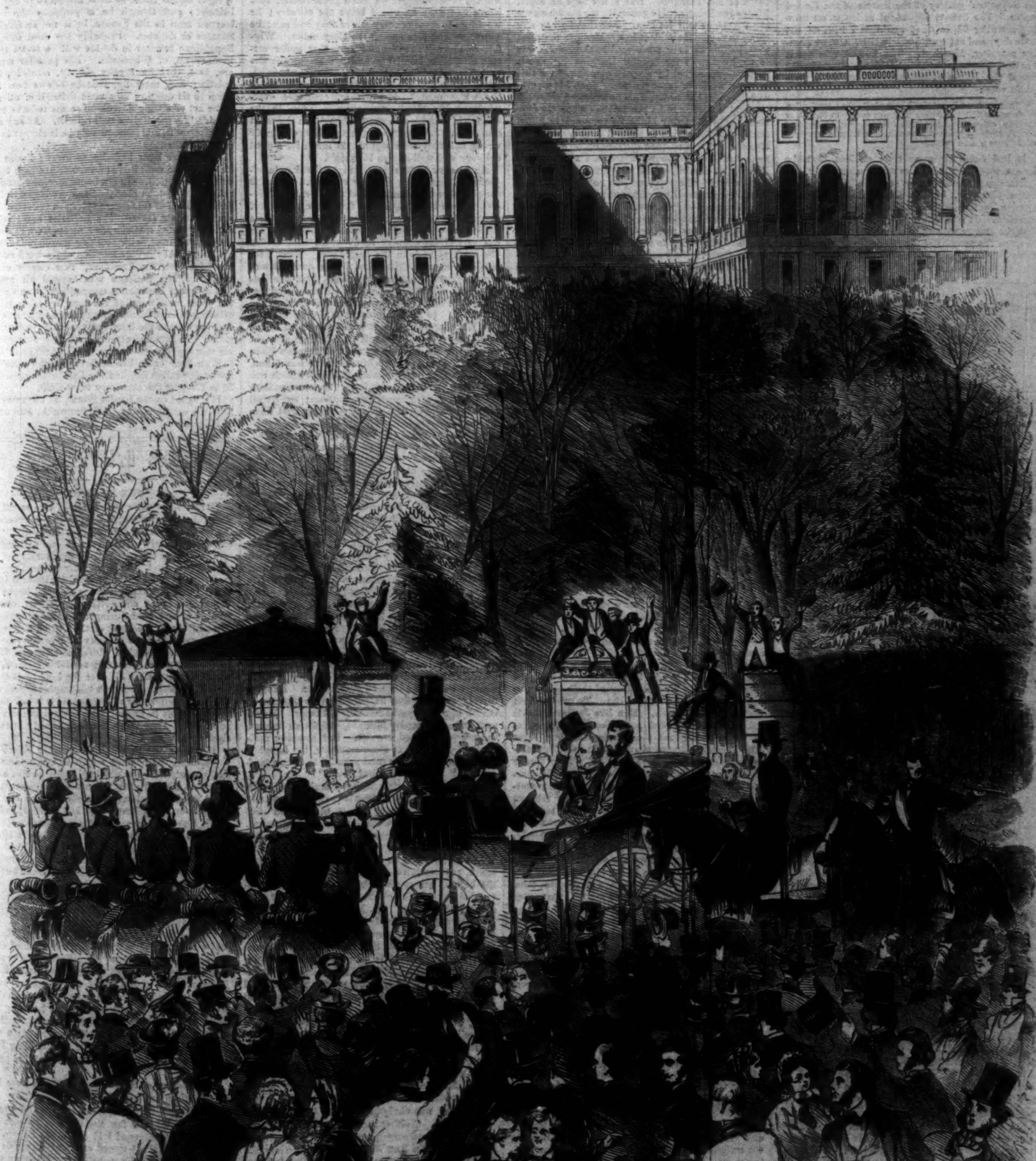


THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION AT WASHINGTON PASSING THE GATE OF THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 165.]

☞ Officers in the Army and Navy serving in the South are respectfully informed that the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* will be glad to receive sketches of Forts and Scenes of Interest at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any Officer in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 16, 1861.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE SENATE.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

I spent the evening of Saturday, March 2, and the night intervening between March 3 and 4 in the Reporters' gallery of the Senate of the United States. The Senate adjourned at 1 A.M. on Sunday morning 3d, to meet again at 7 P.M. on the same day, and sat continuously till 7 A.M. on Monday morning, March 4. The business before it was the following Resolution, which had previously passed the House of Representatives by a two-thirds vote:

> "That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

It had been for some time evident that the Senate would not adopt, even by a majority, the Crittenden Resolutions, or the Resolutions of the Peace Congress, or the Clark Resolutions, or Senator Doolittle's Resolution denying the right of secession. It was obvious, on Friday, March 1, that the utmost that could be extorted from Senators was the passage of the resolution above given. Even that was doubtful. Very few Senators were willing to place themselves on the record as affirming the right of Congress to interfere with slavery in the States. But at least three-fourths of the Senate were anxious to see it defeated—the Republicans because it smacked of compromise, the Southern Secessionists because it had a tendency to strengthen the Union sentiment in their States. These Senators, marshaled by **Sumner** of Massachusetts on the one side, and **Mason** of Virginia on the other, sought to defeat a vote by proposing a multiplicity of amendments, and consuming time by debate and divisions by ayes and noes.

Against this combination of Republicans and Secessionists stood Senator **Stephen A. Douglas**, of Illinois. I don't think he had any genuine supporters in the Senate, with the exception of Senators Crittenden, Bigler, and Johnson of Tennessee. But he entered the lists on Saturday morning with the air of a man who is going to fight in earnest. And even in such bodies as the United States Senate pluck is apt to tell.

After a skirmish with **Sumner**, in which the Massachusetts Senator had rather the best of the fight, the second reading passed, by 39 to 5. Its further progress was then arrested by a five hours' speech, delivered, if not composed, by General Jo. **Lane**, of Oregon. When I think of that speech, and when I remember that General Lane was at one time a probable candidate for the Presidency, I can not find words to express my thanks to Divine Providence for our escape. True, the speech had its advantage. It gave a rest to the wearied reporters for the press, and enabled Senators to write their letters undisturbed. When it was done, **Andrew Johnson**, of Tennessee, rose to reply. Mr. Johnson is a self-made man. In his youth he was a tailor's apprentice, and he learned his letters from his wife. He is a natural orator, and as brave a man as lives. The author of General Lane's speech attacked, with sarcasm and sneer, the Homestead Bill with which Senator Johnson's name is connected. Johnson's reply was one of the most eloquent bursts ever heard in the Senate. I remember, he said in substance, when, after years of painful struggles, with the young wife I had brought from my native place in North Carolina, and the little family which had grown up around us, I was enabled to purchase a small plot of ground in Tennessee and build a cabin upon it which I could call my own. I remember the feeling of triumph and exultation with which we looked upon the poor little shed, and knew that at last we had A HOME OF OUR OWN. And then, long years ago, I made up my mind that, if ever I had the power, every poor man, struggling as I was, should be enabled to obtain a home—should have one spot of earth, however small, one cabin, however rude and scanty, which, in the light of heaven and the face of man, he should be able to call his own.

An ominous rustle in the galleries followed this outburst, but subsided on a growl from Senator Mason. Senator Johnson continued, laying stripe after stripe scientifically on the back of poor General Lane, and finally closing with a magnificent eulogium on the Union. On this the pent-up feelings of the spectators could no longer be restrained. A tremendous cheer arose. Senator Mason instantly moved that the galleries be cleared. A few hisses were heard—then a stentorian voice shouted, "Three cheers for the Union!" They were given with a will. Not only did the men's gallery shout, but the ladies screamed and waved their handkerchiefs. Never since the first meeting of the Senate did that body endure such an insult. For some moments the din was overpowering.

"The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries!" commanded the Chair, fiercely.

It was easier said than done. There were at least fifteen hundred excited men in the galleries. For some moments it was a question whether the Senate would clear the galleries, or the galleries the Senate. Senator **Turveydrop**, as the respected Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations is called by those who know and love him best, nearly fainted. Senator **Kennedy** spluttered even more than usual. Senator **Douglas** roared at the sergeant-at-arms. That functionary called the Capitol Police to his aid, and went forth to do or die. Happily, after the third cheer, the turbulent denizens of the galleries, obedient to American instincts, obeyed the command of the Senate, and retired sullenly. The doors were locked, and Senators were appeased.

Night had fallen, and the Senate, after some opposition from Senator **Mason**, resumed the debate on the Resolution. Senator **Pugh** moved to strike out the words "authorize or," on the ground that they were bad grammar.

I am enough of a grammarian to perceive by Senator Pugh's speeches that he is himself no friend to Lindley Murray. Whether his amendment would have improved the grammar of the Resolution I really know too little to say. Mr. Pugh is the youngest member of the Senate in more senses than one. He has an invincible tendency to get upon his legs—which are short of their kind, like those of Mr. Douglas. But if his legs be short, his tongue is long. He generally speaks whenever the President will let him. Not that he has any thing to say. He seldom has. Perhaps the most useful office he ever performed in the Senate was to read extracts for Senator Douglas during his great speech on the Lecompton question. On this occasion words of sense proceeded from his mouth, and Senators listened. This unexpected attention turned his head, and he has talked constantly ever since. On Saturday night he very nearly killed the Resolution which is printed above. Had his amendment been adopted the Resolution must have gone back to the House, which had adjourned to Monday at 10 A.M., and it could not have passed. Out of 38 members present, 19 voted for it; and **Vice-President Breckinridge**—an opponent of all settlements—giving a casting vote in the affirmative, the amendment was carried.

Then **Douglas** rose, and in his deep, bass voice, eloquently appealed to the Senate to reconsider the vote. **Crittenden** seconded the appeal. **Clingman**, of North Carolina—once a strong Douglas man, now, poor fellow! a secessionist in a Union State—declared that he would change his vote. So the reconsideration was carried, amidst gnashings of teeth by the extreme Republicans and Secessionists; and, after some debate, the grammatical amendment was defeated. Senator **Pugh** then moved the Crittenden Resolutions as a second amendment. Every one knew that they could not pass. But the design was, as I stated above, to defeat action on the main resolution.

Senator **Wilkinson**, of Minnesota, got the floor, and proceeded to flagellate the Secessionists and the South generally. He was followed, in the same strain, by Senator **Chandler**, of Michigan. Both were violent, severe, and rather abusive. Both denied the right of secession, and railed angrily at the seizure of Government property at the South by the Secessionists. Both were for the forcible maintenance of the Union. Both were answered by **Wigfall**, of Texas.

A French gentleman, of large public experience, who heard this debate, remarked that Wilkinson and Chandler were fair types of Northern, while Wigfall was a fair type of Southern statesmen. Without going so far as this, one must admit that there are superficial grounds for the assertion. Western men like Chandler and Wilkinson—and they are nearly all alike—are very unpleasant orators to listen to. Their language is not well chosen, and their delivery most offensive. Trained to address out-of-door audiences, they never overcome the habit of bawling; their tones alternate between a *couac* and a roar. Their gesticulation is abominable. When they become excited, the hearer's anxiety for the safety of their blood-vessels absorbs every other feeling. To see them sit down is his only wish. Men like Jefferson Davis and William H. Seward speak in ordinary tones, yet are heard throughout the Senate Chamber. But these Western Ciceros always seem to be addressing some one who is three miles off. They appear to consider themselves oratorical Columbiads, warranted not to burst with any charge. Their matter, too, is generally ill-digested, They take an hour to say what could be better said in ten minutes. The noise of their own voice disturbs their memory, and they repeat themselves endlessly. On a prairie, with an audience scattered over several miles of ground, they are doubtless the right men in the right place; in the United States Senate they are so faulty in respect of gesture, tone, delivery, and arrangement of matter, that even when they are right they seem wrong.

Senator **Wigfall**, of Texas, is the exact opposite of these speakers. He is a finished orator—probably the most charming in the Senate. His voice is clear, melodious, and sufficiently powerful to be heard every where. He speaks grammatically, elegantly, and without effort. He never bawls. He never screams. His delivery is perfect, and his action suitable. When to these merits I add that he is witty and smart, I have said every thing that can be said in his favor. For he has the misfortune of being almost always illogical, incorrect, and often absurd. He is a duelist, and carries his life in his hand. When he was a young man he went to practice law in Ashmore's district, in his native State—South Carolina. He wrote articles for the county paper, and made enemies. One of them challenged him. They fought, and Wigfall winged his man. Another took up the cudgels, and was winged likewise. The leading men of the county notified the young stranger that he did not suit their temper, and must go. Wigfall replied that he preferred to stay. "I will shoot a regiment of you," he said, "but I won't go." He shot eight altogether, I believe, including the brother of the late Preston S. Brooks, who shot him too; the two belligerents lay seven or eight weeks side by side, on their beds, in a tavern on an island in the Savannah River. The end of the war was, that Brooks died, and Wigfall, notwithstanding his bravado, left the State, and migrated to Texas.

His reply to Wilkinson and Chandler was extremely smart. Mr. Chandler had abused Governor Floyd as a common thief and a scoundrel. Wigfall twitted him with offering insults for which he would not respond in the field. "I will make a bargain with the Senator," he said. "If he will write a letter to Governor Floyd saying, 'Governor Floyd, you are a scoundrel, and I am a gentleman. Hezekiah'—no, I mean 'Jeremiah'—no, I beg pardon, 'Zechariah Chandler,' I will covenant that Governor Floyd's friends shall pay the whole amount which he is accused of stealing from the United States Treasury." The Northern trains had just arrived, and the gallery was full of Northern spectators. Waving his hand gracefully to them, Wigfall continued: "The difficulty between you and us, gentlemen, is, that you will not send the right sort of people here. Why will you not send *either* Christians *or* gentlemen? Either people who will not insult us with gross words, or people who will admit their personal responsibility for their language?" Chandler had said that he wanted to see whether we had a government; that if we had none he would leave the country; he would go to some country where they had one; he would go and live among the Comanches. Wigfall replied: "The Senator says that under certain conditions he will go and live among the Comanches. God forbid! The Comanches have already suffered much—too much—from contact with the white man!" His wit and repartee overwhelmed his Northern opponents, even in the opinion of Northern hearers; though, on the main questions at issue between them, he was obviously wrong and they were right. So much for a good delivery and well-chosen language.

An hour or more after midnight the Senate adjourned to meet on Sunday evening. When it met, Senator **Crittenden** had the floor, and delivered a three hours' speech in favor of compromise. Senator Crittenden will go down to posterity as a good man. He is pure, honest, and patriotic. He has served his country many years with credit. His weak point is in the back-bone. When Lincoln was elected, Crittenden, like a good citizen, was for unconditional submission. But Breckinridge and others fell upon the old man, and beguiled him to father the resolutions which they had contrived. In an evil moment he yielded, and has ever since repented the act in sackcloth and ashes. The Secessionists had to sit up with him at night to prevent his denouncing the "Crittenden Compromise;" and, in fact, when the vote was taken, on Sunday, he voted against it. His speech was patriotic; but it was very long. Senators on both sides listened with respectful attention; but for all practical purposes the speech might as well have not been delivered.

When he ended, filibustering was renewed. Senator **Mason** declared that the resolution was a *placebo*, a sort of "bread-pill," such as doctors give to patients who are imaginary invalids. Senator **Douglas** instantly retorted that the South was, in fact, an imaginary invalid, and needed precisely such a bread-pill. It was dangerous ground. The Republicans hastened to "take act" of the admission of the Senator from Illinois, and he was forced to qualify it by adding that, in his opinion, *some* Republicans *did* really propose to interfere with slavery in the States. This riding of two horses, you see, has its inconveniences. But Douglas has so much pluck that a fall doesn't hurt him.

An altercation between him and Mason arose. Douglas declared that he had overheard a conversation between Mason and Pugh on the subject of the defeat of the resolution by indirection. Mason sneered at people who repeated to the Senate "scraps of private conversation" which they overheard, and wound up in his inimitably insolent manner with the adage *De gustibus*, etc. Douglas fiercely retorted that he permitted no Senator to accuse him of unparliamentary behavior. Mason took two steps hastily forward, and for an instant, the prospect looked warlike. But stopping midway, after a pause of some moments, the haughty Senator from Virginia condescended to utter a half-apology. He was "backed down."

Let me take this opportunity of saying that, with all his faults, Senator **Mason** is perhaps the nearest approach, in the present Senate, to the *beau ideal* of a Senator. He seldom makes long speeches. What he has to say he says in good language, with a good manner, and in a parliamentary way. When he has done he does not go over the ground again, but sits down. This art of sitting down is the highest accomplishment of parliamentary science, and one which our Northern men find it very difficult to acquire. Mr. Mason never rises needlessly, and never says foolish things. He speaks always to the Senate, never to the galleries. In parliamentary tactics he is unrivaled. His defects are obvious. His manner and tone are unbearably insolent. He talks like a Pacha addressing eunuchs. Just now, his temper is embittered by his Secessionist tendencies, which are not shared by the people of his State. He sees himself toppling over from the height of political power to insignificant obscurity. He dies hard.

On the Republican side, speeches were made on this Sunday night and Monday morning by Senators **Trumbull** and **Wade**, and on the other side by Wigfall again. What I have said of Wilkinson and Chandler will apply to Trumbull and Wade. The former was obviously bent on being heard in Georgetown. Neither had prepared their speeches beforehand; and consequently, repetitions were incessant. "Old Ben Wade," as his familiars call him, made some good points in opposition to Senator Douglas, who forgot his good manners in an attack upon him. But there was nothing new in either of the speeches. The calm dignity naturally expected in a Senatorial address, the terse assertion of principle and its logical application to current events, were wanting—or at all events were drowned in profuse verbiage.

The leader of the Senate, under the Republican *régime*, will be **Fessenden**, of Maine, the Chairman of the Committee on Finance. He seldom speaks. He is a cold, hard-faced man, with a gray *cheval-de-frise* round his jaws; inflexible as the laws of the universe; cool as a mountain-top; and brave as a lion. Next to him in influence, perhaps, may be ranked **Preston King**, of New York. He, too, is rarely heard in the Senate. His voice is a shrill falsetto, which, coming from a man built like a rum-puncheon, sounds queer enough. But he is very sound in council, and perfectly brave. His temper is merry, and the normal condition of his face is a broad grin. **Clark**, of New Hampshire, is a bold contrast to Mr. King, yet also a leader. He is a thin, tall man, of sallow complexion, with lantern jaws and black mustache. His voice is keen, his sentences crisp. When he speaks, it seems that a sharp knife is falling at the end of each period. **Sumner**, of Massachusetts, Mr. Mason's successor as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, acted, during the debate which I witnessed, as whipper in. He watched warily, and was ever ready to avail himself of all Parliamentary expedients to defeat the resolution. His voice is very good, and his elocution admirable. Weight he has little, as he is known to be an abolitionist; and though he is probably the most learned man in the Senate, he is not an efficient Senator or debater. Probably the most efficient Republican Senator in debate will be found to be **Doolittle**, of Wisconsin. His peculiar merits are, first, that he speaks clearly, sensibly, and quietly; and, secondly, that he knows how and when to sit down. This most difficult of all arts—the art of sitting down—he seems to have mastered. 'Tis probably a natural gift. At any rate he possesses it, and consequently he is always heard with attention.

Hour after hour had slipped away; it was six o'clock in the morning, and no vote had been taken on the Resolution. In six hours more the Inauguration was to take place. Senators began to look jaded. Half of them were asleep on the sofas, and some in their seats. The galleries had thinned out. Repeated motions for a recess were made.

But **Douglas**, with bull dog tenacity, stuck to his point. At the bare mention of the word recess, his "I object, Mr. President," rose clearly above the din. His patience was beyond all praise. Not a sign of impatience escaped him even during the most wearisome of the long speeches which consumed the precious hours of the waning session. But the instant the floor was vacant he pressed his point. To personal attacks, and they were many, his sole reply was—Let us vote. And so at last, half an hour or so before daylight, the ayes and noes were called for, and the Resolution passed by 24 to 12—just the necessary two-thirds.

If it saves us the Border States, let us remember that the credit is due to **Stephen A. Douglas**, of Illinois.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FOURTH.

Every four years the Fourth of two months in the twelve is a very important day in this country—the Fourth of March and the Fourth of July. The one is the yearly anniversary of our national origin, the other the quadrennial anniversary of our national renewal. This year it was peculiarly interesting, because of the unusual excitement in the country. Fortunately for our national honor and the character of our civilization, there was no trouble of any kind during the usual ceremonies. The sixteenth President of the United States was inaugurated under a soft sky and in the peaceful presence of thousands of his fellow-citizens. While he stood before them and read his address, the words were speeding all over the land as they fell from his mouth. Along the telegraphic nerves they thrilled into millions of hearts, and it is safe to say that no words have ever been uttered in the world upon which hung more minds anxiously attentive than upon those.

It was curious to watch the scene in New York. From noon, the hour at which it was understood that the ceremony would begin, the face of every man was lighted with the consciousness that the great fundamental crisis through which our system passes every four years had arrived, and the whole Government was changing hands. It was the more momentous because not only the officers but the policy of the Government was also changing. And still more solemn because of the important fact to which not even a Lounger could be blind and deaf, that there was such serious difficulty lying at the very threshold of the new Administration.

Yet people's faces were singularly cheerful. Any thing positive is always satisfactory. "Let us know the worst," is the instinctive wish of every man in the uncertainty of a great crisis. Any thing is preferable to wallowing and maundering in imbecility. The condition of the prisoners in the French jails in '93, when they wondered from dawn till dark, and from dark to day, whether they were going to be guillotined or not, was a hundred-fold more pitiable than that of those who were summoned to the axe. Upon the whole, King Damocles was probably the most uncomfortable person in history.

The throngs at the newspaper offices were more earnest than any crowds lately seen. They were perfectly good-humored, but the squeezing was suffocating. When a few sheets came up wet from the press the universal Hi! hi! of the boys within announced to the jammed candidates outside that there was a prize for somebody. Many an eager gentleman dashed gallantly into the stream, and after moving with the solid current a few steps, was caught and held fast for a quarter of an hour, perfectly motionless, and then struggled and strained, and with much cost of tumbled linen and ruffled broadcloth, emerged again into the street newspaperless as he went in.

Then, when he was lucky enough, after patient waiting, to get a copy of the address, he leaned up against some friendly door, or post, or corner, and rapidly scanned the words which were even then scarcely spoken. Of course he interpreted it according to his feelings, his apprehensions, his doubts, his wishes. There was never word spoken by human lips that was not susceptible of many interpretations. The color of the reflector determines the hue of the reflection.

And so our sixteenth President is inaugurated, and our seventy-fourth national year under the Constitution begins. God save the United States of America!

A LAY SERMON.

"My dear Hereticus," said Theologicus the other day, as they were quietly lounging down Broadway, "why does modern fiction make so much fun of the clergy? You may take any six of the best modern novels, and you shall find plenty of sly digs at the cloth. It seems to me very unfair and unkind. Think, now, of Dickens's Chadband and Stiggins—of Thackeray's Lemuel Whey and Charles Honeyman—of Anthony Trollope's clerical society about the close of Barchester. What pictures they are! What do you think of it?"

"My dear Theologicus," replied Hereticus, "I think that where there is so much smoke there must be a good deal of fire. But you must not make the foolish mistake of supposing that satire stings any body but the guilty. If you hold your hand to the fire, it is the burned part that suffers Now if you insist upon seeing all that is said of the cloth, you must look at both sides. Certainly Charles Kingsley is just to his own profession, and Tom Hughes sympathizes with Kingsley; and the ladies, almost without exception, are generous to the clerical calling. Kingsley and his friends do not believe, indeed, that an incurable dyspepsia is proof of sound Christianity, nor do they hold that flabby muscles are identical with robust religion.

"No, no, Theologicus; half of your complaint is, that hearty men don't like valetudinarians and whining sentimentalists. And why should they? What we call muscular Christianity is simply the protest of men of positive manhood and heroic tendencies against debility in body and mind as evidence of spirituality. Come, come, say the muscular Christians it doesn't follow that, because a man honestly tries to do his duty, he must be round-shouldered and narrow-breasted, and wheeze with asthma, and cough with consumption, and go about the world so like the chief mourner at a funeral that you might justly think the worst thing that ever happened was the Christian dispensation. Come, come, don't suppose that Christianity teaches that a man is fit for heaven because he is unfit for the earth. Sound lungs and liver—a deep chest voice—a ringing laugh—a smile like a sunrise—an arm like a crow-bar—a hand like a vice—a breast like a rampart—these are all harmonious with the truest religion. Disease is no more Christianity than anarchy is democracy. A brisk gallop every day in the saddle along the lovely banks of the Connecticut—an hour every morning at wood-sawing—a little more breathing the fresh air of heaven instead of the fumes of his study—actual and not theoretic familiarity with all the sweet and sour of human life around him, would have given good old Doctor Jonathan Edwards much more cheerful views of human life and destiny.

"No, Theologicus, no; Christianity is not a solemn black fir grove, so far north that the air is always icy and the sun a spectre, and flowers and fruit unknown. It is a grove in the softest climate—a celestial tropic, full of music and sweetness, with trees in perpetual blossom, flower, and fruit—where sharp winds are tempered, hot sunshine mellowed, and life is a year-long festival."

"Why, Hereticus, you should have been a preacher—"

"Yes; but am I not? I preach as I walk with you in Broadway. I am an itinerant, you know."

OVER THE RIVER.

PROBABLY there is not a Lounger in the country who, as he crosses the Hudson River at Albany, has not wondered how soon the ordinary decencies of civilization will insist upon a bridge there so imperiously that a bridge will be built. In the wildest, bitterest winter the traveler may arrive there at midnight, and be forced out upon the river in an open sleigh, or earlier and later in the season, compelled to pick his precarious way along boards and sticks, thanking divine Providence if he escape without a ducking. Not long since, when the passengers by a train were crossing there, the plank which bridged a gulf of uncertainty between two pieces of ice was too heavily crowded, and the ice began to sink in the river; but by a timely cry of warning and a rapid retreat the loss of life was avoided. This was the process of connecting at the most important point upon the great Western route from New York—the point of union of the New York Central and the Hudson River Railroad.

So on the night when the river broke up at Albany this winter, the stream of travel from the East and South and West reached the opposite shores. There was no possible crossing, and the whole crowd was driven to Troy, which overflowed with uncomfortable passengers. Yet there is not another railroad line in the land upon which travelers could be so annoyed.

As the matter now stands, the Lounger, who has experience, advises all "through" travelers to go and come by the way of Troy You can keep your seat quietly in the front car from Chambers Street to Troy, and there, in a spacious and comfortable station, step across from one train to another, and push on without the slightest discomfort. There is nothing gained by crossing the river at Albany, except a general derangement. You scramble from the Hudson River cars to the ferry-boat. There you wait in the cold. Then you slide across to the city if you are not nipped in the ice. There you scramble into the Central R. R. yard, and rush for a seat in the cars already occupied. Then, after due delay, you roll out of town, and when you reach Schenectady you see the rosy faces of content belonging to your late fellow-passengers, who have come comfortably round by Troy, and who resume their connection with you at this point. The inconvenience of the Troy route is, that you must change cars both at Troy and Schenectady; but that is of slight importance compared with the river crossing.

Let the traveler, however, who is disposed to try the Trojan route, be sure that the train from the West or from New York connects at Troy. For he will understand that the two sisters who sit at the head of the river do not dwell together in perfect amity. He may, perchance, hear that Troy will under no circumstances cease to protest against the bridge at Albany. Well, he can not settle that question. But he may determine his route; and wanting the bridge, he will be a wise man if he passes through Troy.

THIS AND THAT.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Isn't it rather hard that one man should work hard every day of the year for a tolerable pittance, and another man, by a slight and brief exertion, gets perhaps in a week all that it costs the first a year to earn? Please answer. INQUIRER."

This is a question which perplexes a great many people but really it is not so hard. Is it hard that some people are born beautiful, or with gracious and winning manners; that some are eloquent, and some dull; that some have genius and talent, and others none? Must there not be oaks and geraniums, swallows and eagles, hills and valleys, to make a pleasant world? As long as there are degrees of excellence and attraction, so long there must be the state of things you deplore. You may ask, indeed, why every body is not perfectly beautiful, perfectly well, and perfectly happy; but those are questions to which you will not expect a serious answer. Yet, are you quite sure that your own question does not conceal the same kind of absurdity?

For instance, how many careful, conscientious, generous women work patiently in their vocation as actresses. It is a hard life and girt with risks. But here is one actress—suppose we say Miss Cushman—not less careful, conscientious, and generous than any; but while the others toil and moil and have a desperate fight for life, the great actress may make a tolerable fortune every year. Is it her fault? No. Is it the fault of the others? No. Is there any thing she could do which would enable the others to earn the same reward that she earns? No. Where, then, is the difficulty? There is no difficulty. You can not make the desire to see the one and pay for it that you have to see and reward the other. Tommy Tinker may be as pious and good a man as George Whitefield, and have twice as large a family; but you will willingly walk ten miles and give a shilling to hear Whitefield speak, while you will not go across the street or give a groat to hear Tommy. They are both men, both good men, both talking men, both men who live by bread and meat; but the words of the one drop dead into your ears or drowsily upon your brain; those of the other kindle, inspire, enchant you into a rarer sense of life and a holier resolution of conduct. Here is a piece of chickweed, there is a rose of Sharon. They are both made by the same good Father—they are both parts of his perfect creation; but not less his gift, nor less a part of that creation, is the instinct in you which finds the rose lovelier and sweeter than the weed.

If you look at two men as precisely the counterpart of each other, it is strange that Adam should be paid five hundred dollars for talking an hour or two, while Badam is barely paid five hundred dollars for a whole year's talking. Mechanically, the talking of the two is the same thing, but spiritually it is profoundly different. They are not paid according to the equal time and talk, but according to the spiritual food they furnish; and of that the public mind can be the only judge.

MELTING ICE.

BEFORE these lines can be printed the month of storms may have justified its name; but it began so softly that the whole continent seemed to have drifted into the tropics. The pilgrim by railway came upon the most sudden and bewildering contrasts. In the beautiful Mohawk Valley, while the snow yet lay deep upon all the hills, lighting up the usual gloom of the woods, the May sun shone, and the tender haze of late October hung warm and glimmering upon the landscape. The bright sun threw every delicate twig in perfect and exquisite outline upon the snow. Birds were singing among the comfortable pines. Huge congregations of crows chattered in the air and in the fields. And far and near that first happy song of spring, the trickling gurgle of melting snow, and eager brooks, gushing out of the hill-sides, flowing across the roads, tumbling into the rivers, made the air musical, and filled the heart with that secret jubilee that rings like an inward echo to outer sounds of joy.

And the great river, which three weeks before had broken up at Albany and Troy, and flooded the foolish buildings along the shore—foolish, because, although the river is sure to break loose and ravage the shores next year as it did this, and as it always does, yet the same buildings will forget it all, will be sure to plant themselves in the same spots; and because the stream is so smooth and gentle all summer long, those simple buildings will believe there are no claws under that velvet sheath of calm—the river suddenly opened, and the plank ice-bridge floated away, and the ferry-boats began to ply as unconcerned as if ice were a dream of tropical poets.

But a little down the stream you could see the great scales of thin ice, occasionally broken with a lake of gleaming water, but generally water-logged and rotten. Great fissures, like the crevasses upon a glacier, marked it across; out in the channel they widened, and as you came farther down the thin ice was almost wasted, and huge pieces floated slowly down the stream, many of them with queer freight of drift-wood, or remains of bridges, or a pile of ashes, or an old hat, or a broken stove.

Nothing seems so lazy and languid as the drift-ice sliding down the river. Yet if you stand upon some projecting point and watch it for an hour, you will see that it has prodigious momentum. If the current set it toward a wharf or the shore, or upon a rock or a flat, it will gride and grind and crush; pushing under and lifting the opposing pieces edge-wise out of the river, piling itself over and over; breaking and pulverizing, and irresistibly advancing, or lifted and wedged motionless. There are three kinds of ice, as you soon see. First, the original deep-water, frozen pure at the beginning of the winter—the virgin ice of the river. This is the lustrous, crystal, polar ice, which makes butter docile in July. Then there is the flat-ice, or the white mass congealed on the shallows; and last, the later, superficial ice, made up of snow and sleet and the elemental deposits upon the surface after the virgin ice is formed. As spring advances, the constant friction of the stream below wears and wastes the crystal foundations, and then the water soaks through the poorer surface, and makes the dirty, sodden, saturated ice, which falls a helpless prey in the collision with the diamond teeth of the fragments of early ice.

Over these wild, wandering, wasting acres you will see, at intervals, solitary men and boys pushing their way in boats, running the chance of a nip. They are the picaroons, and their business is to pick up the estrays that are borne upon the ice. Sometimes they will find a prize of timber—sometimes they get "fire-wood for winter and to sell"—sometimes, too, they must be caught, rather than catch, and be lucky if their own boat does not become fire-wood for some later picaroon.

At last you leave the ice region of the river behind. The birds that have been exiled since the cold began float northward now upon the warm winds that blow from the equator. We are the venturous picaroons, and pluck a bird's sweet song from the drifting tropic airs. That was a blue-bird. That a song-sparrow twittering in the thicket, where buds are swelling and glistening. And in the sheltered southern nooks of the Highlands, as if spring held them tenderly in his warm, open hand, a poet dreams of

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and flake
> The winds of March with beauty: violets, dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ON one occasion two or three friends of Hood came down for a day's shooting, and, as they often did, in the evening they rowed out into the middle of the little lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on their host, till on getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and out went Hood into the water. Fortunately it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly, he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in-doors. His friends, getting rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly that they were almost at their wits'-end what to do. My mother had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentant jokers. There was no doctor to be had for miles, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughter, while they supposed he had got ague or fever. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath, and a third brought the mustard. My father at length, as well as he could speak, gave out, in a sepulchral voice, that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and, after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughing, which they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—In Mr. Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Men of Letters" we read a conversation with a printer: "Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint."—"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"—"Why, Sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him say, 'See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire!*'"

ECHOES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him?—System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.

What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.

Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.

What is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

"A story of a pulpit rebuke," says Dean Ramsay, "is traditionary in the East Neuk of Fife. An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to church, and walked about, looking for his seat, but came to his place rather quickly on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating, 'Oh, man, will ye sit doun, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's dune!'"

A SMART YOUTH.—When asked how he got out of prison, a witty rogue replied: "I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning-rod with rapidity, walked out of the town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty!"

"Father, I think you told a lie in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Sir, you said, 'One more word and I have done.' Then you went on, and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

Patrick Macfinagan, with a wheel-barrow, ran a race with a locomotive. As the latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into yees!"

A gentleman was condoling a lady on the loss of her husband; but finding that she treated it with indifference, exclaimed, "Oh, very well, Madam, if that be the way you take it, I care as little about it as you do!"

WAVES ENOUGH.—A novelist tells of lovers who agree to wave their hands toward each other at a certain hour across the Atlantic Ocean. One might suppose there would be waves enough between them without trying to make any with their hands.

The mayor of a small village of France having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighborhood who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the good man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient for avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote, "Black eyes, one of which is absent."

A respectable surgeon in London, making his daily round to see his patients, had occasion to call at a house at Charing Cross, where he left his horse to the care of a Jew boy, whom he usually saw in the streets. On coming out of the house, he naturally enough expected to find his trusty servant treating himself to a ride; but no—Mordecai knew the use of time and the value of money a little better—he was letting the horse to little boys in the street, a penny a ride to the Horse Guards and back.

When George the Second got into a heat with his minister, and insisted on being shown the document relating to a certain subject the next morning, the minister obeyed; and when the King rose he saw three large wagons full of papers, neatly tied with red tapes, packed beneath the window.

"Come, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysterers to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals."

"We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

"The man who has raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world."

"Then," replied the wag, "your mother ought to have a premium."

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind having recovered her sight after marriage. Whereupon Snooks wickedly observes that it is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his harshness and ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious lawyer, by the name of Crowle, was asked if "the judge was not just behind?"

"I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am sure he never was *just* before."

A country editor, speaking of a blind sawyer, says, "Although he can't see he can saw."

A dog is counted mad when he won't "take something to drink," and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains "respectable" with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening having no silver, borrowed a half-crown of her; he sent it next day, with a very gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied that, "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

"Mother, I shouldn't be surprised if Susan gets choked some day."

"Why, my son?"

"Because John Wipsy twisted his arms around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed to let him go, he would have strangled her."

An attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "That is not much to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

A tar, who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had seen, was asked if he had ever seen Louisiana. "No," said Jack; "what country does she live in?"

In a case which recently came before the Court of Queen's Bench, the following love-letter was read:

"MY EVER DEAREST GIRL,—I received your Letter and Think not But my thoughts are alwis with thee for beleve me I have Long and Bitley Leemented that Parting day. Oh what would I give to clasp thee in my arms. But oh! no I Can not for I am amonge Thease wild and solotory mountins Not one living thing is thear to Be seen ware now I sitt except a large Sea Gull wich with its wild and Pearcing Cry made me lift my eyes and Pause. [Laughter.] Oh how I wished I was a bird That I might fly to thee. I hoften steel away to this Mountin to think on thee to hear the water Roar Beneath and the wind wistle through this wild and Solatry Gleen. To see the buty of nature round me oh then I miss Thy Charming smile. Again I think of thee I start from my Seat and wisper a Prayer and ask Why they Part me from thee. Oh none Can tell How misseribble I Pass my dayes."

In all matters except a little matter of the tongue, a woman can generally hold her own.

Many complain that they are not appreciated properly simply because they are.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech;" at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant-headed monster will be overturned! Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?"

"Don't you regard taking snuff as a vice?" we asked, innocently.

"If it is," she replied, with the same old argument, "it's so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it; and, besides, my oil factories would miss it so!"

Ah, kind old heart, it was a drunkard's argument!

"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me knows that I am incapable of lending my aid to a mean cause."

"That's so," said his opponent; "the learned gentleman never *lends* himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

A fellow of atrocious ugliness chanced to pick up a good looking-glass on the road; but when he looked at it himself he flung it away in a rage, crying, "If you had been good for any thing you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

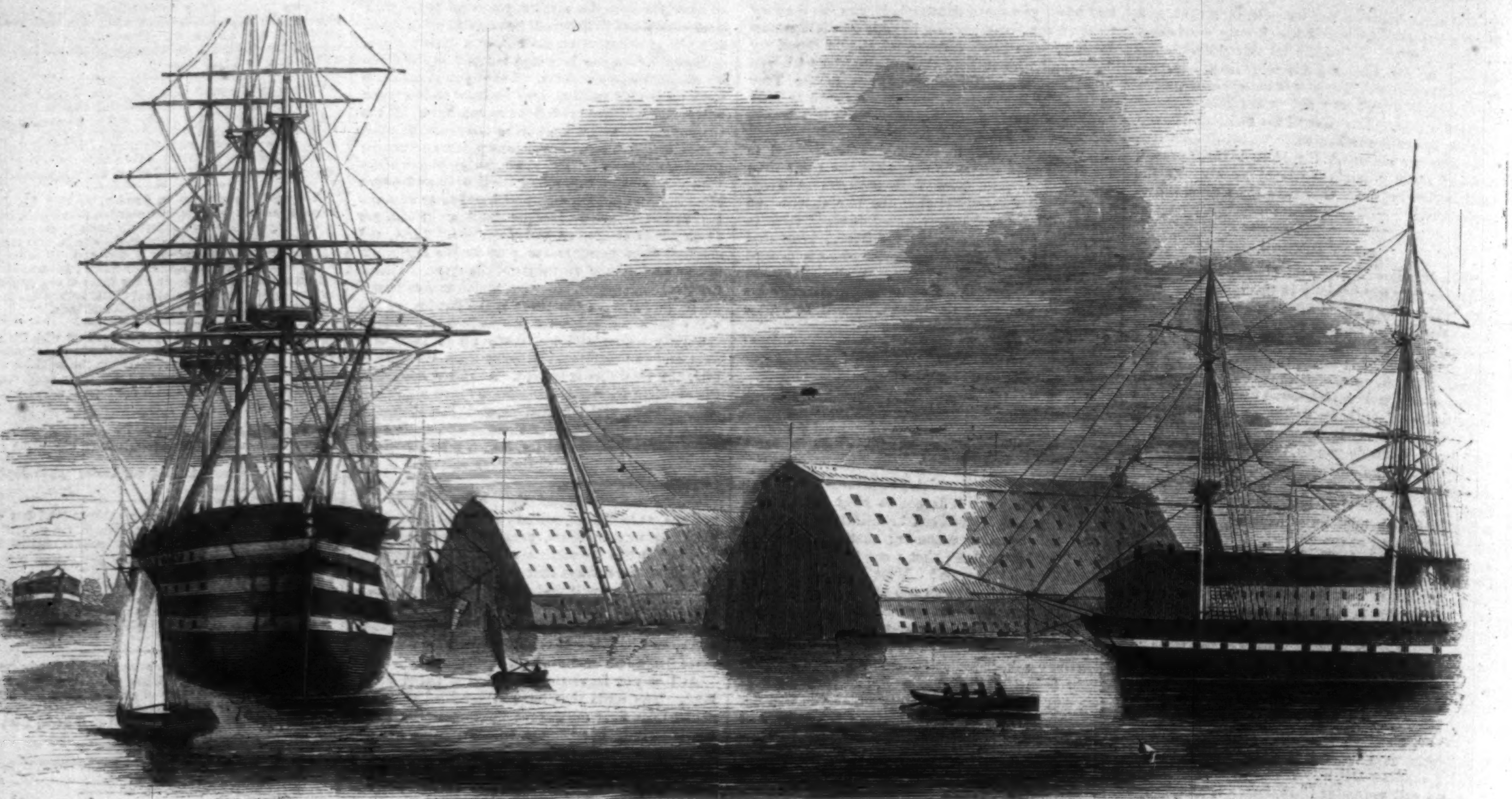
If a very rich old lady is dangerously ill, her dutiful relatives are sure to remember that age and disease entitle one to every possible attention.

"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."

"You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

"Hast thou ever loved, Henrietta?" I sighed. "I should rather imagine I had," she replied. "Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray, when you helped me to pudding the third time to-day?"

"My dear Sir, you have used my half of our case of Champagne." "Oh, yes; you are my friend, and I always take your part."



THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.

One of the officers of Major Anderson's command in Fort Sumter has kindly placed at our disposal some more sketches of the interior of that work, and we publish the accompanying engravings from them. They explain themselves, and we need say no more than refer to their titles.

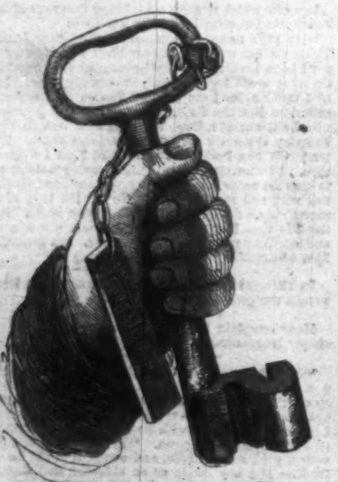
THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

The recent excitement in Virginia on the secession question renders the accompanying picture of the Norfolk Navy-yard appropriate at the present time. Viewed in conjunction with our recent pictures of Fort Monroe, it completes a series of pictures of Norfolk which is valuable and interesting.

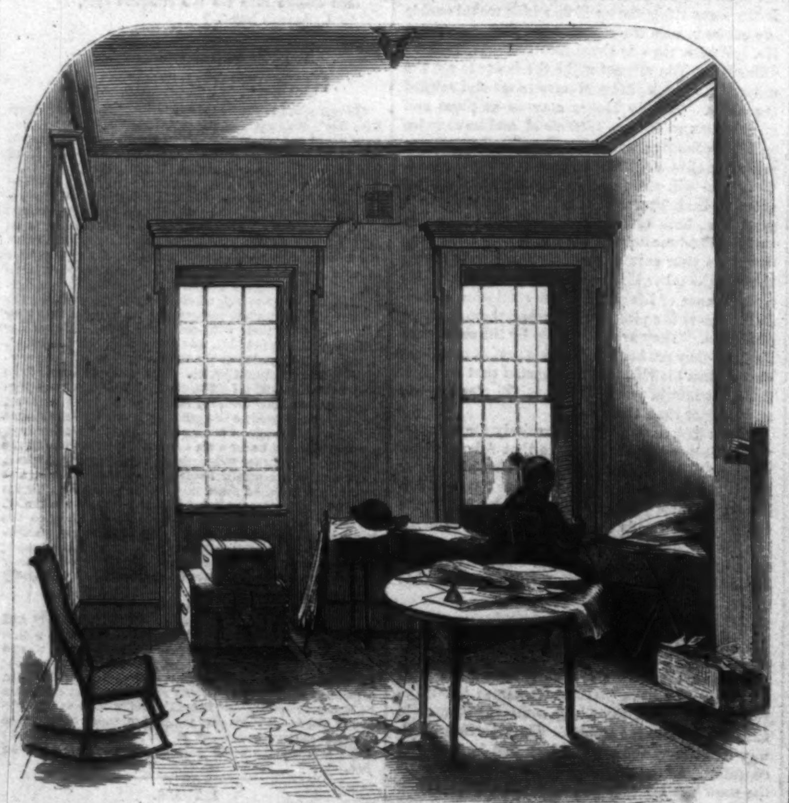
The Norfolk Navy-yard is one of the best in the United States. It is provided with all the usual furniture of a navy-yard—ship-houses, store-houses, founderies, etc., and has, besides, a granite dock which cost a million of dollars. At this navy-yard is anchored, as receiving-ship, the old *Pennsylvania*, the largest line-of-battle ship in the world. She is shown in the fore-ground of our picture.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE" OFF FORT PICKENS.

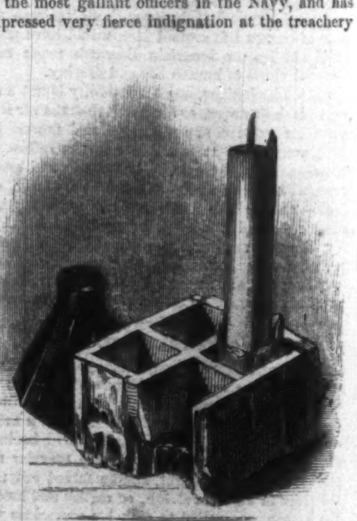
We publish on page 165, from a sketch furnished us by a United States officer serving in Pensacola Harbor, a picture of the United States frigate *Sabine*, now lying off that harbor. The *Sabine* is an old vessel, built in the old style, but is still well considered by naval men. She was the flag-ship of the Paraguay expedition, and was at that time illustrated in our columns. She is now lying off Fort Pickens, so as to be ready to give aid to that fort in case it is attacked. Her commander is one of the most gallant officers in the Navy, and has expressed very fierce indignation at the treachery



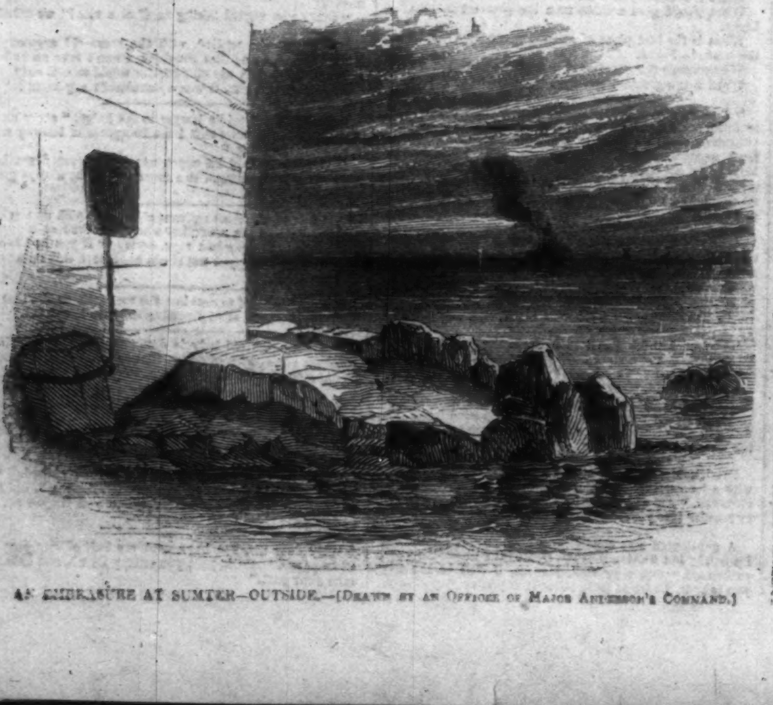
THE KEY OF THE FORT MOULTRIE MAGAZINE.—THE MAJOR'S SOUVENIR.



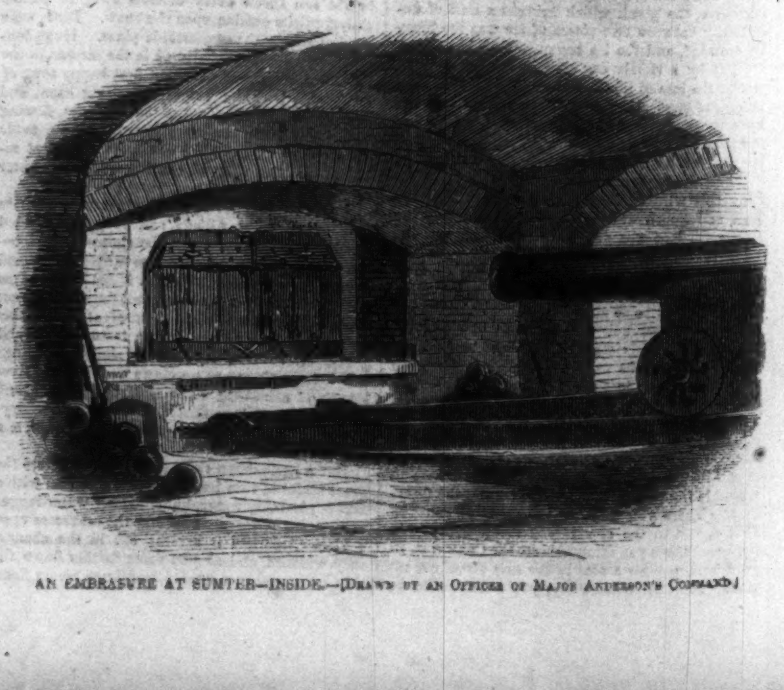
MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[Drawn by an Officer of his Command.]



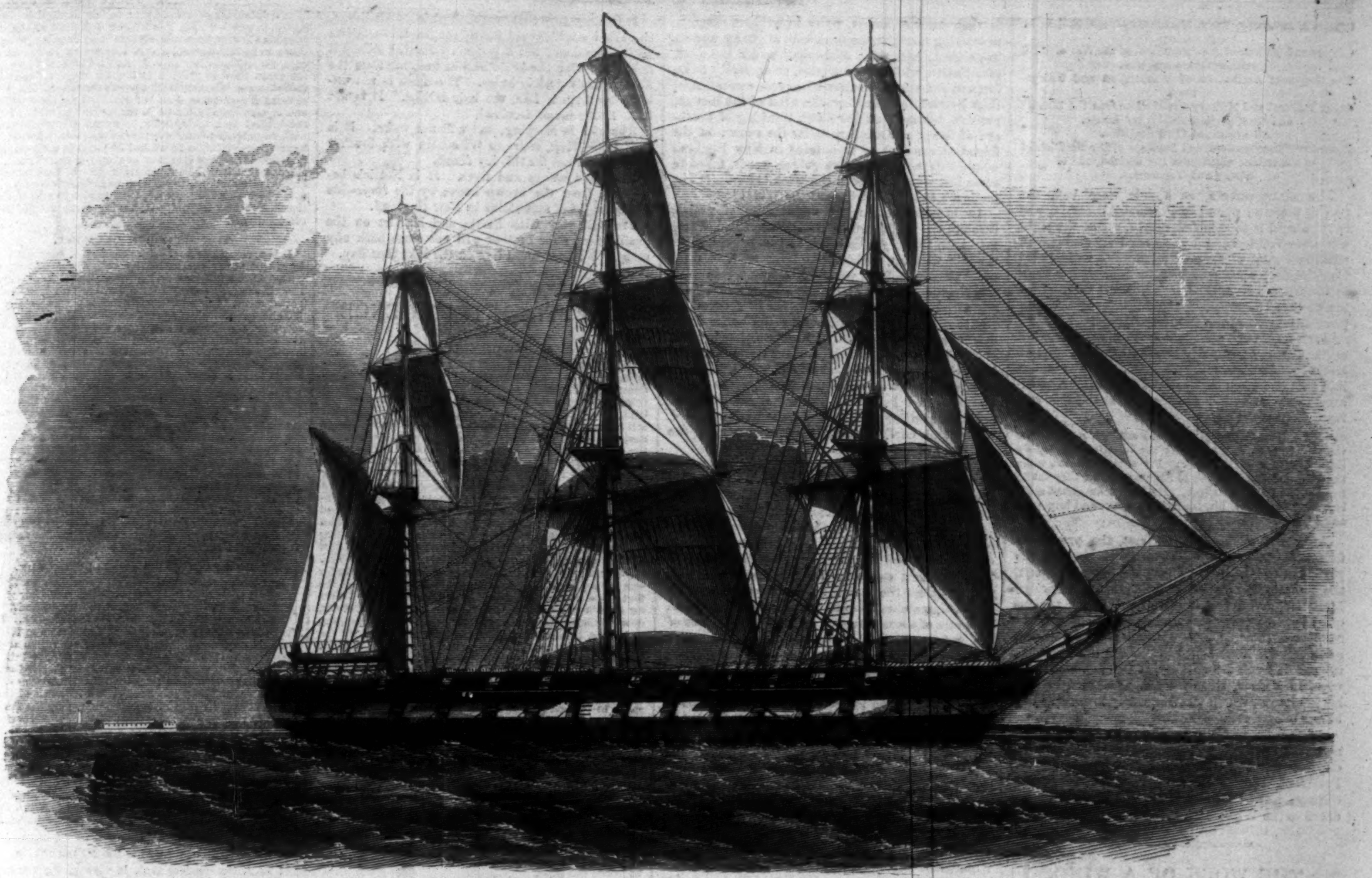
MAJOR ANDERSON'S CANDLESTICK.



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—OUTSIDE.—[Drawn by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.]



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—INSIDE.—[Drawn by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.]



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE," OFF FORT PICKENS.—[From a Sketch by a United States Officer.]

of those officers who have resigned United States property into the hands of the Secessionists.

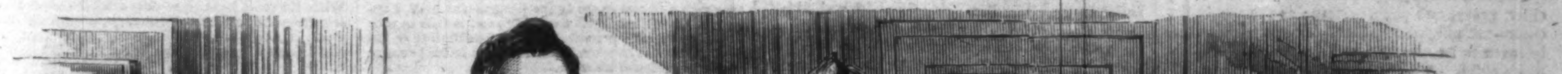
THE INAUGURATION.

Abraham Lincoln was duly inaugurated at Washington on 4th March. We devote a large portion of our space in this number to the illustration of this important event. On pages 168 and 169 will be found a large view of the Inauguration Ceremony; on page 161 a picture of the Inaugural Procession; and on this page an engraving depicting the Entrance of the two Presidents into the Senate Chamber.

The procession began to form about nine o'clock on Pennsylvania Avenue. The centre of attraction was Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was staying, and by 10 A.M. the Avenue at that point was blocked up. The day was fine and every body was in the street. Over twenty-five thousand strangers were in the city, many of whom had slept the night previous in the Capitol and in the streets—it being absolutely impossible to find rooms or beds any where.

According to custom, the Inaugural ceremonies should have begun at noon. But at that hour Mr. Buchanan was still in his chamber at the Capitol signing bills. It was not till ten minutes past twelve that he left the Capitol. He drove rapidly to the White House, entered an open barouche with servants in livery, and proceeded to Willard's. There the President-elect, and Senators Pearce and Baker of the Committee of Arrangements, entered the carriage, and a few minutes before one the procession began to move. The order of procession was as follows:

Aids. Marshal-in-Chief. Aids.
A National Flag with appropriate emblems.
The President of the United States, with the President-Elect and Suite, with Marshals on their left, and the Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia (Colonel William Selden) and his Deputies on their right.
The Committee of Arrangements of the Senate.
Ex-Presidents of the United States.
The Republican Association.
The Judiciary.
The Clergy.
Foreign Ministers.
The Corps Diplomatique.
Members-elect, Members and ex-Members of Congress, and ex-Members of the Cabinet.
The Peace Congress.
Heads of Bureaus.
Governors and ex-Governors of States and Territories, and Members of the Legislatures of the same.



PRESIDENTS BUCHANAN AND LINCOLN ENTERING THE SENATE CHAMBER BEFORE THE INAUGURATION.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist.]

Officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Militia, in full uniform.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and subsequent periods.
The Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown.
Other Political and Military Associations from the District and other parts of the United States.
All organized Civil Societies.
Professors, Schoolmasters, and Students within the District of Columbia; Citizens of the District, and of States and Territories.

The arrangements, as a rule, were bad, the throng pressing upon the Presidential carriage so as to compel it to stop frequently. But the sight was very brilliant, and the crowd enormous. A striking feature of the procession was a van labeled Constitution, upon which thirty-four young girls in white were seated. Our artist has selected for his picture the moment at which the procession passed the gate of the Capitol grounds.

Arriving at the private door leading, through a covered way, to the Capitol, the carriage stopped and the two Presidents alighted. It was about half past one when they entered the Senate arm-in-arm, as shown in our picture. A newspaper correspondent says:

> "Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln entered, arm-in-arm, the former pale, sad, nervous; the latter's face slightly flushed, with compressed lips. For a few minutes, while the oath was administered to Senator Pearce, they sat in front of the President's desk. Mr. Buchanan sighed audibly, and frequently. Mr. Lincoln was grave and impassive as an Indian martyr."

After a few moments of rest, the procession formed again and proceeded to the platform on the portico of the Capitol. There, the Supreme Court, the Senate, House of Representatives, Foreign Ministers, and a vast crowd of privileged persons quickly filled every seat: while the people—to the number of some 25,000—were gathered in a dense mass below. President Lincoln was introduced to the people by Senator Baker, of Oregon, and forthwith, in a clear, strong voice, proceeded to read his inaugural, which was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

At the close of the reading the oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney; and after receiving the congratulations of his friends, the President, leaning on the arm of President Buchanan, retired within the building, and thence drove to the White House.

THE WORK OF A WIND.

A NIGHT in December on a prairie in Wisconsin. Within doors, Nettie and Martha alone, in the light of a flaming wood-fire. Without, a wild, sweeping wind driving the air full of whirling crystals. Clear; but perhaps the keenest, coldest night of the season—of any season.

Nettie and Martha are sisters. The roof that shelters fell to their hands by inheritance only a year ago; for when the mother died the father was lone, and being old and broken with care, laid him down to sleep by her side, as he had done for more than forty years. The house is humble, but the farm is good. A brother—from home now—gathers gray and golden grains by vexing the smooth, rich prairie—enough to keep them in food and comforts from summer to summer.

Nettie is little, playful, and waxen. Martha is older, grave, and plain. More; as she sits in her chair—not a high-backed one—her shoulders scarcely reach to its summit; and she seems to be little like a child. A pair of crutches stand against the corner.

Nettie, who, at seventeen, is not too old for kittens, and birds, and other bright and playful creatures, sits like a Turk—a very sweet little feminine Turk, to be sure—the centre of a herd of feline juveniles, in the middle of the floor. With most audacious independence of winter weather and all its suggestions, Nettie wears to-night a light summer chintz—white ground and purple spot—a pure, bright little thing of a print, which, clinging close to her perfect figure, sweeps thence upon the carpet in billows of foam, flecked with purple verbenas. Not less than half a dozen kittens, the wildest of all imaginable sprites, in soft fur dresses of salmon and white, and coal color, are skipping about Miss Nettie in somewhat eccentric orbits, while Mistress Tabby sits gravely in the corner in matronly contemplation; reveling, doubtless, in memories of those days lang syne when she, too, made great havoc of balls of yarn, and gave fruitless chase to the tip of her tail. In the frolic Nettie's muslin collar loses its pin and falls to the floor, whereat the coal-color kitten whisks it off to a corner, and deposits it under a chair as gravely as men do trophies of banners.

"Ah, you robber! you shall have little peace with your plunder;" and Nettie proceeds to dislodge the enemy by sundry and vigorous discharges of balls of yarn.

Martha looks up from her book and speaks. Her voice is as sweet and musical as Nettie's, though graver, and she says,

"Have we ever known so wild a wind as this, Nettie?"

"Never, sis. It has whistled and roared, and whirled the snow into heaps, and filled the air with feathers and broken branches of trees, and shaken the house all day," says Nettie, letting fly another ball of yarn at the redoubtable coal-color kitten, unconquered, under the chair.

"I feel anxious. Perhaps brother has been on the lake to-day."

"Oh no! No boat would venture out in such a gale, and in winter too."

"I suppose not. But what time did this wind begin, and how, Nettie?"

"Let me think. Why, it came in a sudden gust at about ten this morning. But brother may not have reached the lake; we only look for him this week. There is no cause for uneasiness, Martha."

And yet the apprehension, once started, checks Nettie's exuberance of spirits and changes her mood. The astonished kittens, finding no response to their bravest sallies, retire in evident disgust, wondering much at the fickleness of young women in general; and the "coal-color" under the chair sees Nettie, with utter surprise, come coolly to its fortress and take the collar without a caress. And then Nettie lies in her favorite nook of the lounge, pensive, her head on her hand, thinking of brother; of father and mother, under the snow; of the friend at the foot of mountains in New England whose letters, fraught with golden words, failed to come last week and even the week before. "The mails are so irregular here at the West!"

In brushing the miles upon miles of prairie through the livelong day, the icy wind had grown mad with the fury of freedom, and tossed snow into the air with its invisible antlers; so that men, could they have lived in the biting air, would have breathed ice motes. The whole atmosphere seemed powdered with diamond dust, floating crystals; and though the sky was cloudless the horizon was destitute of outline, earth and sky meeting in mist.

Now that night has come, and the moon is marching up the arc of the heavens, the wild wind is no less ruthless in its sweep, but tosses the snow, sways the few lone trees, and drives the frost into crevices, plating the heads of nails with a coat of white, and curling mounds of snow within the threshold of closed doors.

And now a curious phenomenon is being unfolded. A path of light, of golden tint, streams up from the horizon, and, intersecting the moon, forms a spear-point about it. Another belts the heavens, so crossing the first that the moon stands against the sky as a clear brilliant pearl in a cross of gold. On the right and left segments of rainbows unfold in as brilliant colors as the rainbow of day puts on; and near the zenith an arc of color, bending outward, matches another which is forming below. It is one of those rare and magnificent pictures of the prairie, painted by frost-mist in the air, which a lifetime seldom finds repeated. The warmth and beauty of color in the gravity of night and the iciness of winter.

A sleigh, drawn by a pair of stout black horses, in which is a vigorous man and a fragile girl, had been winding all day among the forest trees which skirt the prairie like a broad brown fringe. The trees prevented the wind, and the cold was quite endurable. But at nightfall they shot out from under their covert upon the white bosom of the wild prairie, and the blast came down upon them with its sting. Now, while light and warmth glow within, where are Nettie and Martha, and the moon is putting on its garments of violet, crimson, green, and gold, the wild night wind has chilled and stiffened the riders in the sleigh, and the horses are floundering weakly through the snow. The man has taken one after another of his garments and wrapped them about his companion, and stands, stalwart and strong, in the sleigh, directing and urging the willing but failing horses. The wind, eddying and whirling, has piled the snow into hills. Sometimes it is quite impossible to force a passage through till the hand of the driver has broken the drift with his spade.

The keen wind bites his face and his hands, penetrates the meshes of his clothing, and would chill him but for the labor. The drifts grow deeper, the cold more intense; the strong horses reel and move slowly on. A little while ago the girl complained bitterly of cold. She thought she was freezing. But now she is quite warm—does not suffer at all. The man hears this with a shudder. He has parted with his last coat; he can do no more.

"Take this coat, George; I don't need it now," she says, in a faint, cheerful voice.

"For God's sake keep it on!"

"Why, George, I do not suffer at all."

And still the horses move painfully on, and still the wind sweeps its icy fingers mercilessly over the prairie with its winding-sheets of snow.

"I am sleepy, George; wake me up when we reach a house. You must go in and warm, or you will freeze."

The horses stop; the snow is high before. George opens the shawl by the face and kisses the lips. She is sleeping. A few minutes more, and the sleep will have been merged in that dreamless sleep whence there is no waking. Once more, with the energy of despair, George strikes his spade into the mound of snow. The wind catches the white cubes, and they roll speedily to leeward. In the fitful energy of his exertions, perspiration starts despite the icy wind. But his strength is waning, and the drift is high. And what beyond? Only drifts—drifts—iterations of those he has battled for so many hours. It were as easy to die here as only a little beyond. No; he will make one other effort. The way is partially cleared; the whip is put to the steeds; they advance, plunge, rise, plunge again, and fall with sheer exhaustion.

And now a light glimmers in the distance. Hope springs and nerves the strong man. He grasps his companion, and hurries on to struggle with the snow and the distance as well as he may.

"Oh, Martha! come to the window," says Nettie; "the prettiest sight you ever saw! A great cross of gold, and rainbows all about the moon! Beautiful! beautiful!"

The sister reaches for her crutches; but little Nettie is lithe and strong, and before the crippled woman has moved Nettie has borne her in her arms to the window. Looking on the exceeding wonder and beauty they are silent long.

"Queen of Night!" says Martha, in audible reverie.

"Where she walks she leaves golden footprints," adds Nettie.

"Her chambers hung with crimson, and orange, and blue."

"With a canopy of purple and violet."

"And a carpet of rainbow under her feet," says Nettie. "Wonderful are thy works, O—"

The form of a man, with a heavy burden in his arms, appears like an apparition before the window—the face terribly haggard, the step tottering. Nettie rushes to the door; but the man has fallen, and two bodies lie lifeless before her.

It is a mystery that two such girls, one helpless, the other slight, could have brought those bodies within the door; but it is done. Martha thinks it is brother with the bride he was to bring from the East to their prairie home. The dress is not unlike, the form is like, the hair is like. It is not he. Nettie is not deceived.

The girl is sleeping, and will not wake. It is frail little May, come to Wisconsin with brother for life, and not for this icy death.

The man wakes and lives. It is Nettie's betrothed, from the brown house by the river-side within sight of mountains in New England.

He will stay with Nettie and Martha on the prairie farm; for brother will not come back any more. No boat could live on the lake that day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Friday, March 1, in the Senate, among the preliminary business was the passage of the joint resolution allowing Commodore Paulding to accept a grant of land and a sword from Nicaragua, amended so as to strike out the grant of land. The bill to reimburse his expenses in defending himself in the suits brought against him by some of Walker's men was also passed. The report of the Select Committee on the Peace Conference proposition and the Crittenden resolutions was then taken up, when Senator Hunter, of Virginia, moved to strike out the first article of the former and insert the first article of the latter. The argument was continued at great length by Senators Mason, Crittenden, Baker, and others, Senator Mason taking the ground that the propositions of the Conference were worse than nothing for the South; and Senator Crittenden advocating their adoption, and declaring his readiness to vote against his own proposition in their favor. No action was taken. ——In the House, the first business of importance in order was the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and the first proposition of that report to be considered was the act for the admission of New Mexico as a State. Mr. Corwin, deeming debate unnecessary, demanded the previous question. Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay the proposition on the table, which was agreed to—114 to 71. The amendment to the Fugitive Slave Law, more clearly defining the duties of judges and civil officers, was next in order. This was adopted, after ineffectual attempts to table it—92 to 82. The next and last of the series was an amendment to the act providing for the rendition of fugitives from justice, intended to prevent contradictory decisions by the Governors of States. This was rejected—126 to 47; the objection being that it was a direct interference with State Sovereignty. Pending a dispute as to precedence in business, the question being between the proceedings of the Peace Conference and Territorial matters, the House took a recess until seven o'clock. On reassembling, Mr. M'Clernand proposed that the report of the Peace Conference be referred to a Committee, but objections were made. Another proposition to admit it failed. Territorial business came up, and the bills providing for the organization of Nevada and Dacotah were passed. Nothing else of consequence was done.

On Saturday, March 2, the Senate devoted the day to the discussion of the subject of compromises, and adjourned at 1 A.M. on 3d, without effecting any thing, to meet at 7 P.M. same day.——In the House all the appropriation bills were passed. The force bills were lost. The resolution censuring Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, for accepting the resignations of those officers of the Navy who resigned for the purpose of taking service in the seceded States, was passed after considerable opposition—95 to 62. No other business of consequence was transacted. The House adjourned until 10 o'clock on 4th.

On Sunday, 3d, the Senate met at 7 P.M., and after a debate which lasted till 7 A.M. on Monday, adopted the Corwin resolution, which will be found elsewhere.

On Monday, 4th, both Houses met at 10 A.M., but no business of consequence was transacted. In the Senate, Senator Fitch, of Indiana, spoke against time to kill a gas company's charter. At noon the session terminated.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

At 1.30 P.M. on 4th, Mr. Lincoln, the new President, delivered the following Inaugural:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,—In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

NO GROUND FOR APPREHENSION AT THE SOUTH.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of a Republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists; I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with a full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

> "*Resolved*, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

> "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath? There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that this oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept? Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?" I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

THE SECESSION QUESTION.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have in succession administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that government proper never had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself. Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

NO STATE CAN LAWFULLY SECEDE.

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself.

The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778; and finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was to form a more perfect Union. But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

THE UNION SHALL BE MAINTAINED.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part. I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none, unless it is forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion—no using of force against or among the people any where.

Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people that object. While the strict legal right may exist of the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating and so nearly impracticable withal that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.

So far as possible, the people every where shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection.

AN APPEAL TO UNION-LOVERS.

The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper; and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections. That there are persons, in one section or another, who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny. But if there be such I need address no word to them.

To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak? Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be well to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any portion of the ills you fly from that have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from? Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake? All profess to be content in the Union if all Constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied.

MAJORITIES MUST GOVERN.

If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution; certainly would, if such right were a vital one. But such is not the case.

All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by National or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities.

If the minority will not acquiesce the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no alternative for continuing the government but acquiescence on the one side or the other. If a minority in such a case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will ruin and divide them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it. All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this. Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to comprise a new Union as to produce harmony only and to prevent renewed secession. Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible. The rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible. So that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that Constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court, nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government; and while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon the vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions the people will have ceased to be their own, unless having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the Judges.

It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

SLAVERY.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute: and the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry, legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, can not be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

SEPARATION IMPOSSIBLE,

Physically speaking, we can not separate—we can not remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country can not do this. They can not but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war; you can not fight always, and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

EXCEPT ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I can not be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendment, I freely recognize the full authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not specially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish themselves to accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of most I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

NOTHING GAINED BY HASTE.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix the terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves also can do this if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty ruler of nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal—the American people. By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it, while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

THE ISSUE OF CIVIL WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE SOUTH.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On Tuesday, 5th, at noon, the Senate met in executive session, and confirmed President Lincoln's cabinet.

On Wednesday, 6th, a resolution was offered by Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, providing for the printing of the usual number of copies of the President's Inaugural Address. Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, in giving his assent to the motion, took occasion to say that he did not indorse the sentiments of the Address, which, if carried out, would lead to war. Senator Douglas, on the contrary, had come to the conclusion that the message was one of peace rather than war. This speech is a magnanimous indorsement of the peaceful intent of the Inaugural. The motion was not disposed of when the Senate went into executive session.

On 7th, in the Senate, the debate of Wednesday was continued on the motion to print extra copies of the President's Inaugural. Senator Wigfall opened the debate, and spoke at considerable length. He did not look upon the inaugural in the light in which Senator Douglas viewed it, as meaning peace. He regarded it as somewhat vague; but if the course laid down in it by the President should be pursued war was inevitable. Forts Sumter and Pickens, and all the other places now held by the United States within the limits of the Confederate States, must be given up, and that very soon, or the South would proceed to take them. "The Union," he said, "is dead, and has to be buried." Senator Douglas replied, saying that he had examined carefully the remarks of the President, and could see no reason to change the opinion expressed by him on the previous day, that Mr. Lincoln meant peace. Senator Mason also participated in the debate, construing the inaugural as calculated to lead to war. The Senate adjourned without coming to a vote or transacting any other business.

THE NEW CABINET.

The President on 5th sent to the Senate the names of his Cabinet officers as follows:

Secretary of State	WILLIAM H. SEWARD of N. Y.
Secretary of the Treasury	SALMON P. CHASE of Ohio.
Secretary of War	SIMON CAMERON of Penn.
Secretary of the Navy	GIDEON WELLES of Conn.
Postmaster-General	MONTGOMERY BLAIR of Maryl'd.
Attorney-General	EDWARD BATES of Missouri.
Secretary of the Interior	CALEB B. SMITH of Indiana.

They were unanimously confirmed, except Messrs. Blair and Bates, against whom four or five Southern Senators voted because they reside in slave States.

FAREWELL OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE.

A few moments before 12 o'clock, on 4th, Mr. Breckinridge came into the Senate with Mr. Hamlin upon his arm, and together they sat by the side of the President's desk until noon, when, assuming the Chair, Mr. Breckinridge said:

"SENATORS,—In taking final leave of this position, I shall ask a few moments in which to tender to you my grateful acknowledgments for the resolution declaring your approval of the manner in which I have discharged my duties, and to express my deep sense of the uniform courtesy which, as the presiding officer, I have received from the members of this body. If I have committed errors, your generous forbearance refused to rebuke them; and during the whole period of my service I have never appealed in vain to your justice or charity. The memory of these acts will ever be cherished among the most grateful recollections of my life, and for my successor I can express no better wish than that he may enjoy the relations of mutual confidence which so happily have marked our intercourse. Now, gentlemen of the Senate and officers of the Senate, from whom I have received so many kind offices, accept my gratitude and cordial wishes for your prosperity and welfare."

INAUGURAL OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

The oath was then administered to Vice-President Hamlin, who announced his readiness to take it in a full, firm tone. Mr. Breckinridge took him by the hand, and led him to the chair, after which, crossing over to Mr. Seward, he shook hands and extended greetings with him, and took his seat as the newly-elected Senator. The Vice-President rapped to order, and addressed the Senate as follows:

"SENATORS—The experience of several years in this body has taught me something of the duties of the presiding officer, and with a stern, inflexible purpose to discharge these duties faithfully, relying upon the courtesy and co-operation of Senators, and invoking the aid of Divine Providence, I am now ready to take the oath required by the Constitution, and to enter upon the discharge of the official duties assigned me by the confidence of a generous people."

THE INAUGURATION BALL.

The Inauguration Ball, for which such extensive preparations had been made, was a great success. It was very fully attended, and passed off in a manner satisfactory to all. Mr. Lincoln, with his family, accompanied by Vice-President Hamlin and family, Senator Douglas, and other distinguished personages, entered the Ball about eleven o'clock, and after a brief promenade, received the personal congratulations of such as chose to be presented to him. Soon afterward the Presidential party proceeded to the supper-room; and subsequently some of the party, including Senator Douglas and Mrs. Lincoln, who were partners, danced a quadrille.

THE NEW SENATE COMMITTEE.

The following is announced as the list of Chairmen of the new Senate Committees:

Foreign Relations	Mr. SUMNER.
Finance	Mr. FESSENDEN.
Commerce	Mr. CHANDLER.
Military Affairs	Mr. WILSON.
Naval Affairs	Mr. HALE.
Judiciary	Mr. TRUMBULL.
Post-Office	Mr. COLLAMER.
Public Lands	Mr. HARLAN.
Private Land Claims	Mr. HARRIS.
Indian Affairs	Mr. DOOLITTLE.
Pensions	Mr. FOSTER.
Revolutionary Claims	Mr. KING.
Claims	Mr. CLARK.
District of Columbia	Mr. GRIMES.
Patents	Mr. SIMMONS.
Public Buildings	Mr. FOOT.
Territories	Mr. WADE.
Senate Expenses	Mr. DIXON.
Printing	Mr. ANTHONY.
Enrolled Bills	Mr. BINGHAM.
Engrossed Bills	Mr. BAKER.

THE STATE OF THE TREASURY.

The accounts laid before Mr. Chase on his assuming the charge of the Treasury show that there are funds on hand applicable to the current expenses of the Government to the amount of $6,000,000. Besides this, the current receipts from the customs amount to $80,000 daily.

SECESSION OF TEXAS.

The State of Texas is out of the Union. From New Orleans it is stated that the people have ratified the ordinance of secession by a majority of from 40,000 to 45,000. General Houston has resigned the Governorship.

THE CABINET OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The following is the Cabinet of the Southern Confederacy, as at present constituted:

Secretary of State	Robert Toombs of Georgia.
Secretary of the Treasury	C. L. Memminger of S. C.
Secretary of War	Leroy P. Walker of Ala.
Secretary of the Navy	Stephen M. Mallory of Fla.
Postmaster-General	John H. Reagan of Texas.
Attorney-General	Judah P. Benjamin of La.

THE ARKANSAS CONVENTION.

Advices from Arkansas, by way of Louisville, announce the assembling of the State Convention on the 4th instant, and the election of Union officers by 6 majority. This indicates that the hopes of the Secessionists in that State have been defeated.

THE NORTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

Returns from sixty-two out of the eighty-four counties of North Carolina have been received, which indicate the election of sixty-five Unionists and only thirty-three Secessionists as delegates to a State Convention, should it be decided to hold one, which will probably have to be determined by the official count. The whole number of delegates to the Convention will consist of about 130, and the returns still to come in from twenty-two counties can not possibly overcome the Union majority.

PROBABLE FIGHT IN TEXAS.

News from Texas renders it probable that a conflict has already taken place in that State between the United States forces and those of the State of Texas. Galveston dates of the 26th ult. state that Captain Nichols, commander of the State troops, had demanded of Captain Hill, of the United States Army, the surrender of Fort Brown. Captain Hill refused to entertain the proposition, called Captain Nichols and his men traitors, and expressed his determination to defend the fort to the last extremity. Captain Hill refused to obey any order of General Twiggs, and had sent to Fort Ringgold for two hundred men. Troops were on the way from Galveston to reinforce the Texan army.

FEDERAL DRAFTS GONE TO PROTEST IN NEW ORLEANS.

The late Treasurer of the Mint and Assistant-Treasurer of the United States at New Orleans, has just refused to honor the drafts of the Post-office Department for $300,000 for postal services, on the ground that Louisiana has forbidden such payments.

THE FATE OF THE MONEY TAKEN BY LOUISIANA.

The Louisiana State Convention on 7th, in secret session passed an ordinance transferring to the government of the Confederate States the sum of five hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, the amount of customs received and moneys seized by the State.

A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT SLEMMER.

The following is part of a letter which has been published:

"The troops are leaving the opposite shore, disgusted at playing soldier, I suppose. They say there are only about three hundred remaining, and these are regulars, having enlisted for one year. My messenger to the yard this morning said they were afraid we would attack them now. We could do so, and get possession again of every thing in an hour, if we were only permitted to take such a course. I have now mounted nearly all the guns—that is, all that are really necessary to enable this work to be defended by a force of 500 men. We have worked like horses to accomplish this, but great things can be done by small means when one knows how. This small command has done more than Chase or Lomax could have done with their 2000 men, and they know it. Having seen our guns go up so rapidly, they swear we have had reinforcements. In fact, the papers say nothing else could be expected—that we have smuggled in men from the vessels. It is true we could have done so, and they be none the wiser; but not a man has been added to this command from them. In fact, so particular are we that not even an officer has come ashore with the exception of Captain Vodges, and he only once, when the vessels first came.

* * * * * * *

"Colonel Chase was putting up a battery near the light-house, and mounting eight-inch Columbiads on it. This battery would have raked our front, so I wrote protesting against its continuance at present, and also against the erection of all batteries bearing on the fort. Colonel Chase told the ecretary of War that if he would not land the troops in the *Brooklyn*, he, on his part, would not attack the fort, and would immediately discontinue all preparations for so doing. Of course this battery building was violating the agreement, and they have admitted it by not going on. They think I have no right to mount any more guns either, but that is all they know about it. There was no armistice on my side at all, except about the landing of the troops, and that was the Secretary's. I am at perfect liberty to mount every gun in the fort if I choose, and to make such other defenses as I can invent or copy.

"A. J. SLEMMER,

"First Lieutenant, First Artillery, Commanding Fort Pickens."

THE GUNS IN THE PENSACOLA FORTS.

The Montgomery *Mail* has carefully compiled, from personal knowledge, the number of guns, etc., at present in the forts at Pensacola, Florida, which is as follows:

Fort Pickens.—In bastion, twenty-six 24-pound howitzers; casemate, two 42-pounders; sixty-four 32-pounders; fifty-nine 24-pounders. In barbette, twenty-four 8-inch howitzers; six 18-pounders; twelve 12-pounders; one 10-inch Columbiad, mounted; three 10-inch Columbiads, not mounted; four 10-inch mortars, in bad order.

Fort Barrancas.—Eleven 32-pounders; three 8-inch Paixhans; two 8-inch Columbiads; eight 24-pounders; four 18-pounders; two 12-pounders; eight 12-pound howitzers. Flank defenses—two 18-inch mortars.

Fort M'Rae.—Lower tier, twenty-two 42-pounders. Second tier, twelve 8-inch Columbiads; eighteen 32-pounders. Barbette, sixty-two 24-pounders; three 10-inch Columbiads—none mounted.

In addition to the 500 barrels of powder recently brought to this State, there still remains in the magazine at the Navy-yard 600 pounds of cannon powder, and 3500 pounds of musket powder. In sand battery A there are two 8-inch Columbiads.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT SUMTER.

Dispatches were received by the War Department, on 6th, from Major Anderson, which contradict rumors that he apprehended an attack; and relieved some other misgivings as to his situation. All the recent correspondence between him and Governor Pickens has been far more friendly than heretofore, and no unusual preparations have been made which indicate any present purpose of collision. The coast-guard outside and in the harbor of Charleston has been considerably increased by gun-boats, which exercise constant surveillance, and are intended to prevent reinforcements. In Major Anderson's judgment, this force is sufficient for that purpose.

THE PROSPECT OF AN ATTACK.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "I am informed by an officer of the army that information has been received from Major Anderson to the effect that it is useless to send less than twenty thousand soldiers to Charleston. Less than that number can not enter the harbor and destroy the batteries on either side. This information, it is said, is also in possession of the Government.

"The Charleston *Courier*, of the 5th inst., states that Brigadier-General Beauregard has expressed perfect confidence, after viewing the fortifications in Charleston harbor, that Fort Sumter can be reduced. He says that it is only a question of time."

MR. BUCHANAN AT LANCASTER.

Ex-President Buchanan reached his home in Lancaster on 6th, and was received by a large concourse of his fellow-citizens, with a fine display of military and civic societies. In response to an address of welcome, Mr. Buchanan made a speech, in which he congratulated himself on his retirement from public life, and announced his intention to pass the remainder of his existence as a "good citizen, a faithful friend, an adviser of those who need advice, and a benefactor of the widows and the fatherless." His only allusion to public affairs was a hope that the Constitution and the Union might be preserved.

EPISCOPAL CIRCULAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following circular has been issued by the Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina:

"CHARLESTON, *February* 19, 1861.

"*To the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of South Carolina:*

"BELOVED BRETHREN,—South Carolina having now become one of the 'Confederate States of America,' a Provisional Government having been established, and the President inaugurated, permit me to request that hereafter, in the prayer for '*all in civil authority*' now used, you substitute for the words '*Governor of South Carolina*,' the words '*President of the Confederate States of America*;' and that in the '*prayer for Congress*,' instead of the words '*United States*,' the words '*Confederate States*' be used, and the words '*Senate and*' omitted.

"I remain, very truly, your Brother in Christ,

"THOMAS F. DAVIS,

"Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina."

GENERAL TWIGGS DISMISSED FROM THE ARMY.

The Secretary of War has published an official order dismissing General Twiggs from the Army, "for treachery to the flag of his country," in having surrendered, on demand of the authorities of Texas, the military posts and other property of the United States in his department, and under his charge.

WON A WIFE FOR A BET.

The story runs that a gentleman living at St. Joseph's Island, out West, was engaged to be married to a pretty French girl, and the bans were published in the Catholic Church on a certain Sunday. The next day a Yankee made a bet of $100 with a friend that he would marry the girl himself. The money was placed in the hand of a third party; the Yankee then called upon the young lady and made a proposition of marriage. She told him that her intended had already given her $40 to buy clothes but that she didn't like him very well. At this her new suitor handed her a like amount, and then placing $40 more with it, remarked: "There's his forty dollars, and I'll go forty better." The young lady could resist no longer, and taking the money returned the amount given her by her first lover, and married his competitor within an hour, well satisfied with the bargain. The bet was won, and in the course of a month the St. Joseph Islander married the sister of his first fiancée.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. Crawford, Forsyth, and Roman, the Commissioners sent by the Southern Confederacy to demand the surrender of the United States forts, are in Washington, and will make their demand on the President on Tuesday next.

General Beauregard, lately a Major in the United States Army, now a leader of the Secessionist forces, has been appointed by President Davis to the command of the troops assembled at Charleston for the attack on Fort Sumter.

Mr. Frederick W. Seward, a son of the Secretary of State, and lately one of the editors of the Albany *Evening Journal*, has been appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, as Assistant Secretary of State.

Illinois has drawn the first diplomatic prize in the person of N. B. Judd, as Minister to Berlin; Hermann Kreisman, of Chicago, goes as Secretary of legation.

Ex-Secretary of War Floyd arrived in Washington on 7th, for the purpose of appearing before the Criminal Court to answer the indictment found against him by the Grand Jury in connection with the stolen Indian Trust Fund bonds.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SWITZERLAND SUGGESTED AS A MEDIATOR IN OUR TROUBLES.

THE London *Star* of the 19th has the following: "It was said that Mr. Cobden had proposed the Swiss Confederation as mediator in the American conflict. The following is the truth of the matter: Mr. Cobden, who is merely a private gentleman, has no authority to propose a mediator. Having been consulted on the subject of the disruption of the Union by some of his numerous friends on the other side of the Atlantic, he suggested that they should choose the Swiss Confederation as an arbitrator. This fact was communicated to M. Fomrod, a member of the Federal Council. This is what took place, but nothing more was nor could have been done. If the American Government should claim the mediation of Switzerland, the Confederation would no doubt give the proposal the consideration it merits, but it is not probable that such will be the case."

THE "GREAT EASTERN" TO GO TO NORFOLK.

The steamship *Great Eastern* is advertised to sail the first week in March for Norfolk, Virginia, where she has been guaranteed a cargo of cotton, the freight on which amounts to $75,000.

FRANCE.

JUDGMENT IN THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine on the 15th ult. delivered judgment in the Bonaparte-Patterson case in favor of Prince Napoleon. The Court grounds its judgment upon the fact that the question was conclusively settled by the Emperor's family council in 1860. It abstains from pronouncing any opinion on the merits of the case, which, it will be remembered, M. Merveilleux, the Crown Advocate, admitted to be entirely in favor of the Pattersons. The latter will no doubt appeal.

THE ANNEXATION OF MONACO.

The *Journal* of Monaco, of the 10th, says: "On the 2d of February a treaty was signed at Paris by which the Prince of Monaco cedes the communes of Mentone and Roquebrune to the Emperor of the French. The exchange of ratifications will take place within ten days. This cession is made by the Prince for an indemnity of £160,000, as also the restitution of the private properties belonging to his Highness in the communes of Mentone and Roquebrune, and of which the Prince was despoiled in 1848. The treaty stipulates the establishment of a customs-union between France and the Principality, and the engagement, on the part of the Imperial government, to construct a carriage-road between Nice and Monaco."

ARREST OF A MILLIONAIRE.

M. Mires, the great capitalist, has been arrested at Paris and placed in the Conciergerie. It is not clear on what charge the arrest was made, though it is supposed to be connected with the prosecution some time since brought against him by M. de Pontalba, but which was then compromised. The news caused a great sensation on the Bourse, and the securities with which M. Mires is connected experienced a considerable decline.

ITALY.

FLIGHT OF THE KING OF NAPLES FROM GAETA.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following:

"The King and Queen of Naples arrived at Rome on the 14th. Their Majesties alighted at the Quirinal, where his Highness Pope Pius IX. paid them a visit on the 15th. It appears that the bombardment of the 11th and 12th was of extreme violence, rendering the rifled cannon useless. From the demand to surrender to the moment the capitulation was signed, the Piedmontese threw 50,000 shells into the fortress. The King passed the Neapolitan troops in review before leaving, who wept on presenting arms to him. An immense crowd was assembled, and the population shed tears. Royal honors were paid to Francis II. as he embarked. As the vessel left, a salute of 21 guns was fired, and the flags were lowered, while the garrison shouted 'Long live the King!' though in presence of the Piedmontese, already in possession."

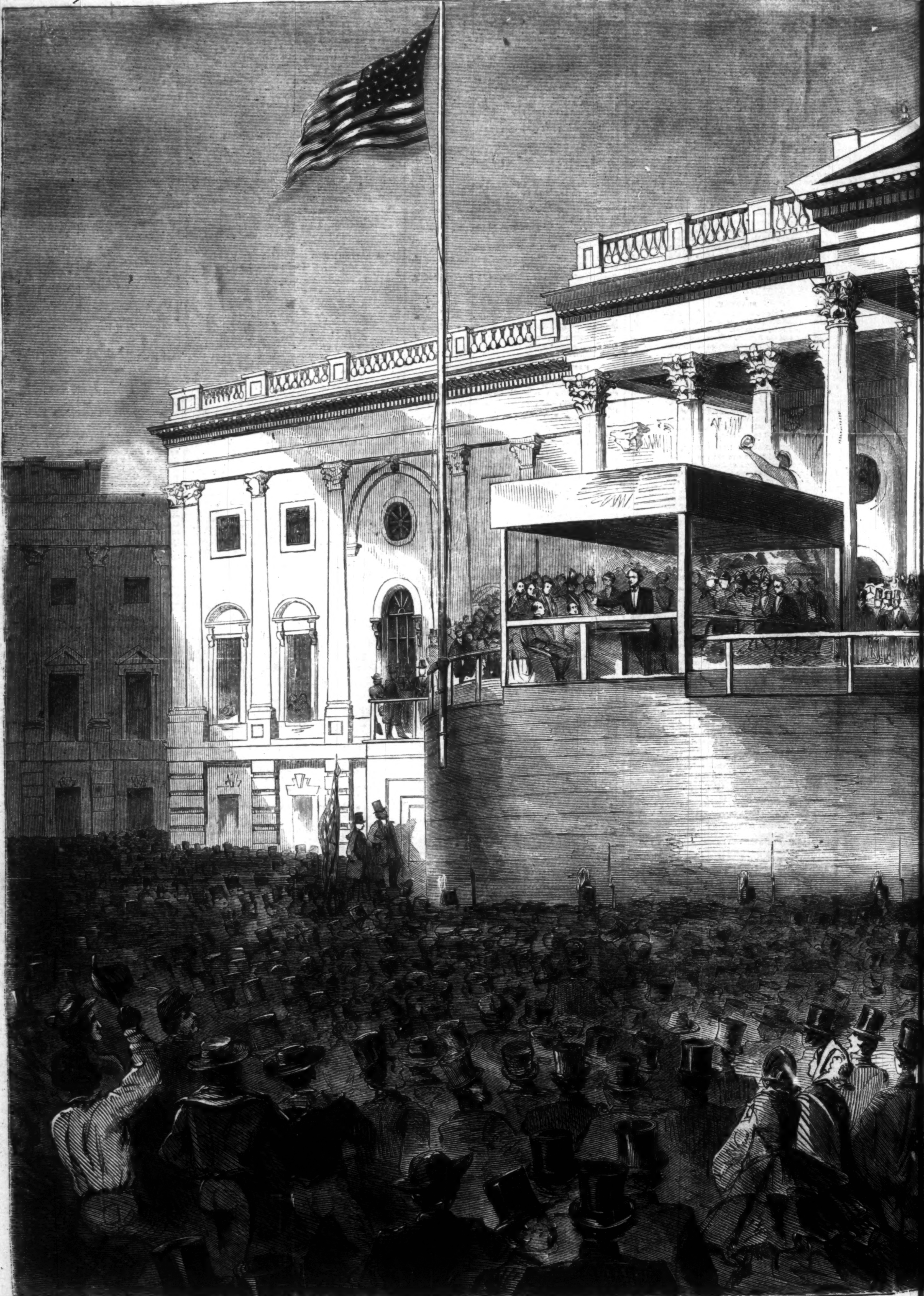
SENSATION AT ROME.

In Rome the fall of Gaeta has caused immense excitement. The people are greatly agitated, and the national movement increases in strength. On Thursday last a strong popular demonstration took place, the crowd shouted "Victor Emanuel and the unity of Italy forever!" and even some priests joined in the cheering. The French general offered no opposition to these proceedings, but the crowd finally dispersed at the request of some French patrols. It is thought the Papal government will be unable to resist the movement. The *Giornale di Roma* denies that there has been any arrangement between the Holy See and Piedmont. The departure of Mgr. Sacconi, Papal Nuncio to the Court of the Tuileries, is postponed. The position of his Holiness becomes daily more isolated.

MEXICO.

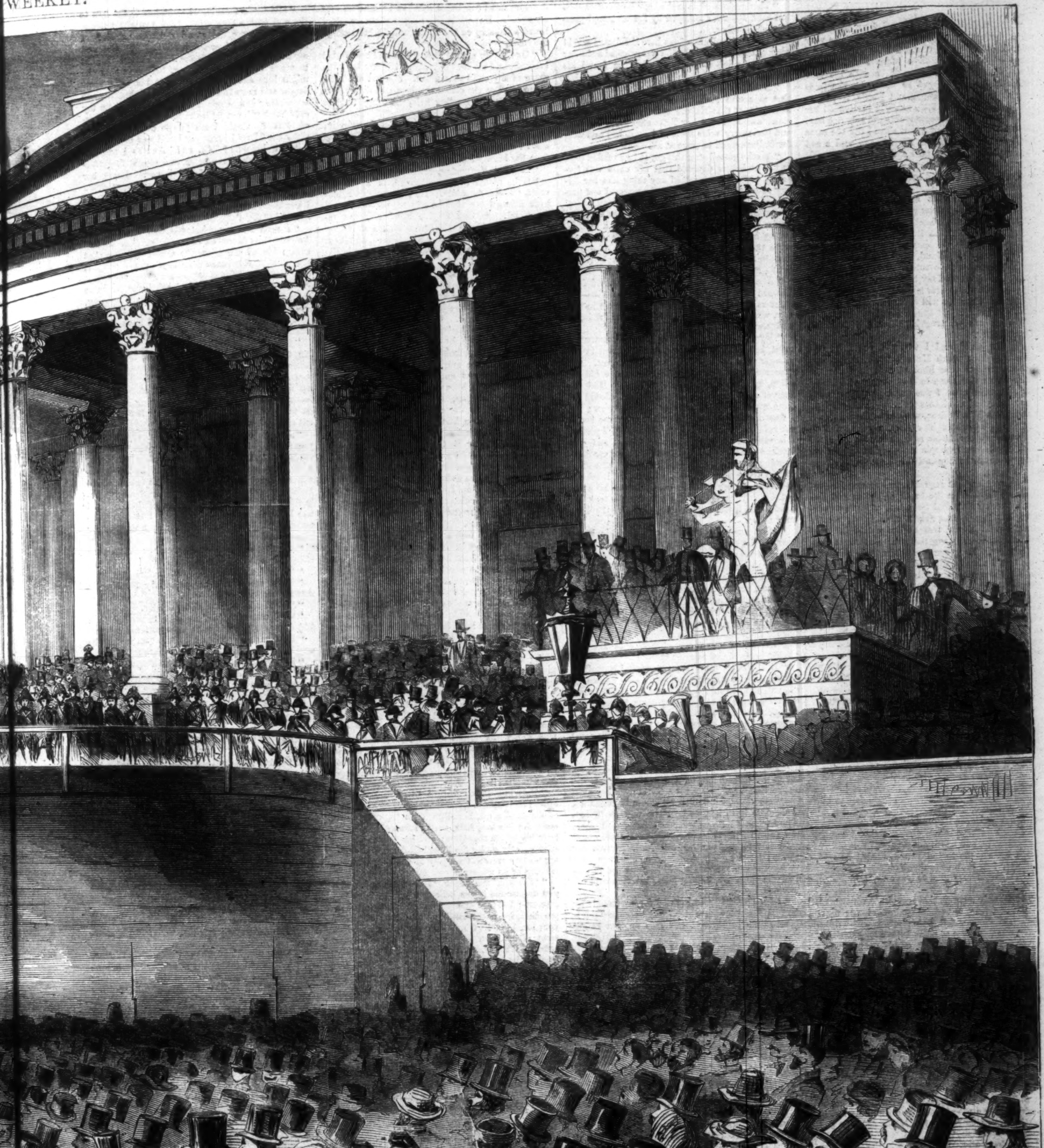
THE NEW REGIME.

The Liberal Government, recently triumphant in Mexico, has begun the work of Church reform by suppressing thirteen out of twenty-two nunneries in the capital, and ordering their estates to be put to some practical use. These proceedings led to a slight fanatical outbreak on the part of the lowest class of the population, instigated by the priests, but the affair was easily suppressed, with little bloodshed. From the returns of the votes at the recent Presidential election, it appears that Juarez has a plurality over his competitors, Lerdo and Ortega, but as an absolute majority is requisite, the choice of President will devolve on Congress.



THE INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



STATES, AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—[From a Drawing made on the Spot.]

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

"YES, make the fire burn brighter, Maud, for when Nettie returns from her ride she will be very cold, I know. Ah! many a sleigh-ride have I taken on a Christmas-Eve when I was young. How pleased the children will be with the toys which we have arranged so nicely on the table over their little stockings, and Nettie, too, when she finds out that we have so slyly invited all her friends here for to-morrow evening to surprise her! Ah me! it is just four years since I did the same for Mabel, then eighteen, Nettie's age, and a sad evening it was for her, poor child! If I were a bit superstitious I would never have done so again;" and a shade of thought settled upon Mrs. Frost's peaceful face.

"Why do you look so sad, Aunt Jeanette? Surely you have no cause to sigh for Cousin Mabel; for with such a noble husband as hers, and such a sweet, darling child as little Eddie Annesly, she must be happy."

"You are right, Maud, it would be strange if my Mabel were not contented. The trouble whose remembrance clouded my brow was transitory, for it pleased God to deliver my darling out of her sorrow, as I believe He will deliver us all if we bide His time."

"What was her trouble?" asked little Maud Ross, timidly.

"Listen, child, and I will tell you. It will show you how much Mabel's husband deserves the esteem you bear him. I will begin at the time when I first came to —— to live, and Mabel was then your age. I was much pleased with the place, and the inhabitants too; but the first friend I made was Mrs. Wilson, my next door neighbor, and through her daughter Kate, a young girl of Mabel's age, the latter soon became acquainted with all the young people in ——, and was before long, what her beauty entitled her to be, the belle of the place.

"Among her first acquaintances among the gentlemen of —— were the brothers Dallas and Edward Annesly. Dallas was a lawyer in good practice, but Edward was only a clerk in his uncle's store. But Edward was the gayest of the two, and oftener seen among the pleasure-seekers than his brother. Many considered him the handsomest too; but I always admired most the more intellectual though less regular beauty of Dallas's thoughtful countenance, and, as I soon perceived, my little Mabel agreed with me in this. Edward came oftenest to visit Mabel, and frequently escorted her to the evening parties, which were not few, and also took her out many times in the light sleigh, drawn by a spirited horse, which he always drove when he came for her.

"She met Edward some time before she became acquainted with his brother; but after that Dallas sought after my child almost as much as Edward. I say almost, for he did not seek her as frequently as his brother; for, as I said before, he did not often participate in the amusements so familiar to Edward.

"But Mabel did not guess how deep an interest Edward felt in her, or she never would have encouraged him as she did. To her he was only a dear friend, and *Dallas's* brother.

"Well, the winter passed in this way, and spring and summer too, both brothers continuing to pay her every attention that affection could dictate, when, one afternoon late in September, when Mabel and I were walking in the garden, Edward entered our little gate, and hastily approached us.

"'I have come to bid you good-by,' he said, smiling; 'I go to A—— to-night.'

"'You seem very glad to leave us,' said Mabel, playfully.

"'I am only sorry on that account,' he answered, 'although I trust to be here again ere long; for if my mission does not fail, I shall return with brighter prospects, and free to do as I have long desired.'

"Mabel was unconscious of his meaning, but the passionate glance that accompanied these words spoke volumes to me. He went that night, his errand being to obtain a lucrative situation in A—— offered him by an old friend, provided he should prove capable of holding it.

"During his absence Dallas was much oftener with Mabel than formerly, and I thought that I perceived a gleam of deeper happiness in those soft eyes, while her manner grew quieter, gentler, and more loving each day. But I was always jealous of my child's confidence, and could not endure the idea of being excluded from sharing her every thought. It was this feeling that caused me to say to her in a sharp tone, one evening when she returned from a prolonged drive with him, 'Mabel Frost, are you betrothed to Dallas Annesly and keeping it from me?'

"She stood directly before me in the door-way, with her dark eyes fixed on me, and the red blood mounting to her brow. She looked very gentle and lovely I know, but being angry, I had the heart to repeat the question.

"'Why, mother?' she faltered, coming closer to me and half concealing her face in the curtain of the window beside which I sat.

"Why, indeed! Had I not heard him as he assisted her to alight from the vehicle, to address her by a familiar title of endearment, which sounded thrillingly musical when uttered in the deep tones of that melodious voice; and, moreover, had I not seen him as he bent over her to disengage the curl that had caught upon his button as he lifted her to the ground, to press a hasty, and, it seemed to me, a tremulous kiss upon the rosy lips that now pouted half rebelliously at my question?

"'Oh, mother,' she whispered, 'he never *did* before, but—but—he always *talks* so to me.'

"And could I blame him for yielding to such a temptation? Or her? Ah me, all know the power of love upon the heart of woman. Dear little Mabel! I stroked the soft curls of the dear head now resting on my knee and said no more.

"Soon after this Edward returned, but his mission was not accomplished; he had failed to secure the situation in A——.

"The brothers often met at our house after this, but each appeared annoyed by the continual presence of the other.

"'When has Dallas been here?' Edward would often ask; and though Dallas never asked a similar question he looked troubled when he found his brother with Mabel.

"But this did not continue long, for soon followed that mournful period when I daily saw with an aching heart that Mabel's eyes bore traces of constant weeping, that her light step grew languid, and her merry voice more and more sad and low, for Dallas ceased to come at all.

"Weeks passed after this got to be a settled fact, and I no longer doubted that my child was forsaken, before she regained any thing like her former cheerfulness. Had Mabel possessed one particle of that art which is termed 'a woman's tact' this would not have lasted long. A few words of tender reproof, a reproachful glance, or a look of loving inquiry, would have melted the stern resolve that he had made, and brought him once more to her side; but she was only a simple, loving child; so she suffered on in proud silence.

"About the last of November we learned from Edward that his brother was going to A——, to enter as partner in a long-established firm in that city, where he would have fair prospect of rising to a higher standing in his profession.

"My daughter grew very pale at this announcement, but there was a feverish excitement in her manner after this that I did not misinterpret. She expected that he would at least come to bid her adieu, and she was not disappointed. Had she been of a less excitable temperament, I should not have remained present during this interview; but I feared that her feelings would overcome her if not held in check by the presence of a third person. His visit, short as it was, was formal and constrained; but when he bid us adieu, after cordially pressing my hand, he turned to Mabel, who stood trembling by my side, and for a moment it seemed as though he were about to clasp her in his arms, but quickly mastering his emotion, he took her hand for an instant in his own, and abruptly hastened away.

"Days passed on, and I grew to curse him in my heart as the destroyer of my child's happiness, for Mabel could not conceal from me that her heart was breaking.

"In Edward's society she seemed to find a kind of solace, perhaps on account of his occasional resemblance to his brother. She did not seclude herself from society, however, but went about much the same as before; but her former sweet temper grew daily more uneven, and this increasing irritability often caused Nettie to ask me, 'What made Mabel so cross lately?'

"Dallas often came home to visit his mother, who was a widow like myself; for A—— was not far distant, and he could easily come in a sleigh in two or three hours; but he never came to our house during these visits, although I knew that Mabel expected him, for whenever she heard that he was there she would dress herself with more than usual care, and start and blush at every ring at the door-bell.

"Toward Christmas I conceived the idea of giving to Mabel, at home, on the evening of that day, a surprise-party. I kept it a secret from her until Christmas-Day, cautioning all whom I invited not to disclose it to her, so that she was much surprised when I informed her of what I had done. Her dress I had prepared myself, so that she would have but to perform her toilet and receive her guests; but I myself would be unable to appear among them, much as I would have wished to witness their pleasure, having taken a severe cold the previous day.

"I felt perfectly recompensed for my trouble by the bright smile with which she greeted my intelligence—the brightest I had seen on that young face for many days.

"I wondered at this after she left me; for although I had hoped to please her, I was totally unprepared for the delight which she evinced.

"While I was pondering on this, little Allie entered the room, and commenced prattling to me of her Christmas gifts.

"'Oh, mother!' she said, at last, 'I think Christmas is such a *nice* day. How *can* people cry on Christmas?'

"'Who cries on Christmas?' I asked, smiling at her eagerness.

"'Mabel does,' she said. 'I saw her cry to-day. Don't you know to-day, when nobody was down stairs but me and Mabel? Well, I saw that Mr. Annesly, that went away once, go by in a sleigh, and Mabel saw him too, and she bowed her head to him, and he did *this* way with his hat—look, mother—and Mabel cried *then*. She looked out the window a long time after he passed, trying to see his pretty horse, I guess; and then she sat by the fire and cried.'

"So this was why Mabel was so pleased with my plan. She had seen him, and expected him to be among the guests that night. But I had not invited him, although I surmised that he would be at home; for I thought it best to prevent their meeting, and knew that both his brother and he would look upon it as an oversight. But now that Mabel had seen him, and, beyond a doubt, expected him to be there, I must rectify the omission as soon as possible.

"Accordingly, I sent Alice for Mabel, and told her to dispatch a note immediately to Edward, enjoining him to tell his brother, if in ——, that we expected to see him that evening also. This she did with alacrity, but seemed surprised that I had not done so before.

"As evening came on I arranged her dress with great care; and very beautiful she appeared in the airy white robes and delicate wreath.

"Soon after she descended the stairs the guests began to arrive; and having seen that the children were in bed, I retired into the sitting-room, and, lying down upon a lounge, fell fast asleep.

"When I awoke the sound of music fell upon my ear, mingled with the light laugh of the dancers, and I concluded that the evening was far advanced. But while listening to these sounds, I heard a footstep on the stairs, and Mabel entered the room.

"One glance at that flushed face and corrugated brow showed me that enjoyment had not been the share of my child that night. She put one hand to her head as she closed the door, and then catching the wreath from her hair, she flung it across the room.

"'It annoys me so,' she said, half apologetically, in answer to my look of surprise, and then she stood for some moments pushing back the curls from her brow with both hands.

"'What is the matter, child?' I asked, at last.

"'Oh, mother!' she answered, in a choking voice, '*he* did not come. He is at home too, and bade Edward say that he was too much fatigued to attend. O God forgive him!' and she relapsed into a silence which was broken at last by a tap at the door, which she answered, and then said, 'Mother, it is Edward. May he come in?'

"'Certainly,' I said. 'Oh! good-evening, Mr. Annesly.'

"'I am sorry to see you ill, Mrs. Frost,' he rejoined; 'I—I wanted to speak to you, and took the liberty of coming up.'

"I did not answer. I feared what was coming; but he turned to Mabel, and, taking one of her hands in each of his, he began: 'Mabel, I have at last succeeded in obtaining in A—— a situation that will give me ample means to maintain in comfort myself and another. Mabel, you must know how long I have loved you. Will you, if your mother consents, be my wife?'

"She did not answer, my poor child, but snatching her hands from him she pressed them to her brow and uttered a low cry. Oh! such a cry of agony and despair that it thrilled through and through my brain like a sudden knell of mortal pain. I can not describe the utter amazement depicted upon his face as he gazed on her like one bereft of his senses, until she threw herself into my arms sobbing convulsively, and then he sank upon a couch at the other end of the room and buried his face in the cushions.

"After several moments of horrible suspense to all Mabel withdrew herself from my embrace, and, wiping the tears from her eyes, she paused a moment as though to conquer every vestige of emotion, and then approaching him, she laid her little hand upon his bowed head and faltered,

"'Edward, I have always loved you as a brother. I—I mean as a friend; God knows that you deserve my deepest love, for you [and here her voice trembled excessively] have ever been the same to me—always kind, always mindful of my slightest wish; and I thank you, Edward, and if God had given us the power to control our own affections I would gladly give you my love.'

"'Mabel,' he said, rising before her, 'after this I will never trust in a human being again! O God! that you who seemed so like an angel to me should be but a heartless coquette after all! One who would lead one on with every appearance of love until he grew to worship you with all the power of his heart, and then cast him aside when he asks you to fulfill the promise your encouragement implied!'

"This imputation seemed to sting her to the quick; and oh, Maud, you should have seen her then, as she stood erect, her slight form trembling with emotion; her long hair, partly loosened, streaming over her white shoulders; and her bosom panting convulsively under the light ball-dress, whose gay appearance seemed strangely at variance with the feelings of its wearer.

"'Edward,' she began, 'I do not wonder that you despise me if you believe what you have just asserted; but God knows I do not deserve your reproaches, for never until to-night did I dream of your loving me. Oh, believe me, in the abandonment of my own hopeless love I never marked yours. Oh yes, mother,' she continued, wildly, 'rather than this should cause *him* to despise me, I will confess what I had not thought the rack could have wrung from me. Edward Annesly, better than you love me, better than life, better than *any thing* on earth besides, *I love your brother*.'

"A deep groan was the only answer, and I sprang forward just in time to catch the fainting form of my child in my arms.

"'You are killing her!' I cried. 'O God, that I had never heard the name of Annesly!'

"He gently placed her on the couch that he had quitted, and while I bathed her pallid brow I implored him not to repeat the unguarded confession my daughter had made in a moment of excitement.

"But he would not promise.

"'She shall be happy with him,' he groaned forth. 'He can not help loving her. I will ask him if he does not.'

"'Love her!' I cried, leaning over my unconscious child. 'No, he never loved her, although he used every means to win her young heart, that he might trifle with it for a few days, but to throw it aside, as he has doubtless done many another.'

"'Trifled with her! Dallas Annesly! Oh, Mrs. Frost, it is impossible!'

"'I tell you it is true! He sought her with every appearance of devotion; he called her by every endearing name; did all but ask her to be his wife; and then, when one would have thought that would come next, he forsook her; and I have seen her drooping before me since like the sweet flower that she is.'

"'Ah! do not weep. Surely you are wrong. Dallas is honor's self. See! she opens her eyes—she breathes now—and I will go to him and tell him what you say, and if he can not disprove it, henceforth we are strangers.'

"He did go to him, and well can I imagine what that interview must have been. Edward hot and angry, and Dallas—dear, noble Dallas!—with that white brow clouded, and those firm lips trembling, perhaps, with emotion, yet listening calmly to the passionate appeal.

"'Edward,' he said, when he had heard him to the end of his accusation, 'did you not tell me, three months ago, that you loved Mabel Frost? I need not tell you how much *I* love her. God and my own soul can alone know that. I once thought to prove it some day to her, believing that she might love me. But'—and here his voice grew deeper and more thrilling—'could I bring home to my mother and to you, as my wife, one whom my only brother loved with the love that you confessed to me? Could I ask you to welcome as your sister one whom I knew you loved as a man should love but his wife? Oh no! And so I tore the sweet dream from my heart, and sought forgetfulness in absence, and—found it not. Break her heart, you said? Oh! rather than bring down the lightest sorrow upon the heart of Mabel Frost I would cut out my own, and lay it, quivering with life, at her feet!'

"I need not say what followed when Dallas Annesly thus described the noble sacrifice he had made; but all who knew the strong affection that always existed between those brothers can imagine their mutual grief.

"Two weeks after Edward left home for some town farther West, where he had friends residing, and where he now lives; but before his departure he came to me, and told me what I have just related in regard to his brother's conduct.

"Soon after he had gone Dallas came, one evening, to our house, but Mabel refused to see him. Since Christmas night she had scarcely left her room, and seldom spoke to any one. Dallas did not remain long. He appeared ill at ease. But he came again on the following evening, as he did on many succeeding ones, and still Mabel would not receive him.

"At last, one clear night in January, when a young moon shed its clear rays over the snow-clad roads, I saw, from the window beside which I sat, a light cutter, drawn by a small dark horse—which I immediately recognized as belonging to Dallas—stop before our gate, and he sprang lightly from it, and entered our little garden. Mabel was lying upon the bed in the next room, apparently sleeping; and I hastened to open the door for this visitor.

"His first words, after the usual greeting, were of her.

"'Will she see me?'

"There was something peculiarly touching in that tremor in the deep voice.

"'I will ask her,' I said, doubtfully.

"'No, take her this,' he said, holding forth a folded paper; 'that is, with your permission.'

"I did not answer; but leaving him to find his way into the parlor, I carried the note to Mabel.

"I clearly heard her quick breathing when I entered the room, and going up to the couch I laid my hand upon her shoulder. She did not start or move.

"'Mabel, Dallas is here.'

"'Yes, mother.'

"'He has sent you this letter. Will you read it?'

"She grasped it eagerly, and placed it in her bosom.

"'Read it now, Mabel—he is waiting,' I said; and arranging the light upon a table, I went into the next room and closed the door of communication between the two apartments.

"She must have read it many times, for it was long before she joined me; but there was a glad smile on her lip, and a blush, stealing up even to her downcast eyes, when she re-opened the door and entered the room where I sat.

"She did not say that she intended to go to Dallas, but I read it in her face, and silently assisted her to change the simple gown which she wore for a more becoming one, and smooth the tangled curls; but still she lingered, after this was done, and appeared so nervous and tremulous that I was obliged to accompany her to the foot of the staircase.

"I know not, Maud, the contents of that letter, nor what passed during the interview that followed; but Mabel came forth from the room leaning upon the arm of Dallas Annesly, who begged her mother's blessing upon their union.

"Did she give it? Was she unspeakably happy and thankful to her God? Oh! ye who have seen a shadow settle upon your household so dense that it seemed to threaten to overwhelm all in its blackness; so gloomy that none have thought of following their usual employment or amusements; so dark that even the youngest have ceased their sport as they looked on your saddened countenance, and have seen this dark cloud suddenly lifted from your hearts and homes, and the bright sunlight pour down with more than pristine glory, you, you can tell my feelings on that night!

"'Do not think me unmindful of my brother's disappointment and exile,' he said, imagining that he read this thought in my face. 'She would never have loved Edward, and 'twere cruel to sacrifice her happiness and mine to such a consideration now.'

"My little Mabel sank at my feet and buried her face in my lap; and gracefully, and with manly dignity, he knelt beside her, and bowed his head with hers.

"Oh, I could have cried aloud with joy! To see those two, now alike dear to me, united in their love once more, and more safe than ever that this sorrow and separation had intervened. Well, they were married—that you know; and Edward is also married to one as beautiful, perhaps, as Mabel, whom he has forgotten—as, it may be, Dallas would have forgotten her had she married Edward."

"Oh no!" cried Maud, with enthusiasm; "he never would, I am sure. He would have loved on for ever and ever. Besides, what would they be disunited? Mabel would not be Mabel if she were not Dallas's wife, nor Dallas Dallas if he were not Mabel's husband."

"They are very devoted, I am aware; but then we can not tell, you know. Every thing is liable to change in this world, and the dead and the living are alike forgotten. But listen, Maude! do you not hear sleigh-bells?—it must be Nettie. Run and open the door, child, while I brighten up the fire!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

If there be any thing in our English habits upon which no difference of opinion can exist, it is our proneness to extend to a foreigner a degree of sympathy and an amount of interest that we obstinately deny to our own people. The English artiste struggling all but hopelessly against the taurous indifference, has but to displace the consonants or multiply the vowels of his name to be a fashion and a success.

I traveled in a sort of covered cart, with a mounted gendarme at either side of me. Indeed, the one faintly alleviating circumstance of my captivity was the sight of those two heavily-equipped giants, armed to the teeth, who were supposed to be essential to my safe-conduct. It was such an acknowledgment of what they had to apprehend from my well-known prowess and daring, so palpable a confession that every precaution was necessary against the daring intrepidity of a man of my stamp. At times, I almost wished they had put chains upon me. I thought how well it would read in my Memoirs; how I was "heavily manacled"—a great word that—orders being given to the escort to shoot me if I showed the slightest intention to escape. It was an intense pleasure to me to imagine myself a sort of Nana Sahib, and whenever we halted at some way-side public, and the idle loungers would draw aside the canvas covering and stare in at me, I did my utmost to call up an expression of ogre-like ferocity and wildness, and it was with a thrill of ecstasy I saw a little child clasp its mother by the neck, and scream out to come away as it beheld me.

On the second night of our journey we halted at a little village at the foot of the Arlberg, called Steuben, where, in default of a regular prison, they lodged me in an old tower, the lower part of which was used for a stable. It stood in the very centre of the town, and from its narrow and barred windows I could catch glimpses of the little world that moved about in happy freedom beneath me. I could see the Marktplatz, from which the booths were now being taken down, and could mark that preparations for some approaching ceremony were going on, but of what nature I could not guess. A large space was neatly swept out, and at last strewn with saw-dust—signs unerring of some exhibition of legerdemain or conjuring, of which the Tyrolese are warm admirers. The arrangements were somewhat more pretentious than are usually observed in open-air representations, for I saw seats prepared for the dignitaries of the village, and an evident design to mark the entertainment as under the most distinguished protection. The crowd—now considerable—observed all the decorous bearing of citizens in presence of their authorities.

I nestled myself snugly in the deep recess of the window to watch the proceedings, nor had I long to wait; some half dozen gayly-dressed individuals having now pierced their way through the throng, and commenced those peculiar gambols which bespeak backbones of gristle and legs of pasteboard. It is a class of performance I enjoy vastly. The two fellows who lap over each other like the links of a chain, and the creature who rolls himself about like a ball, and the licensed freedoms of that man of the world—the clown—never weary me, and I believe I laugh at them with all the more zest that I have so often laughed at them before. It was plain, after a while, that a more brilliant part of the spectacle was yet to come; for a large, bluff-looking man, in cocked-hat and Jack-boots, now entered the ring, and indignantly ejected the clowns by sundry admonitions with a lash-whip, which I perceived were not merely make-believes.

"Ah, here he comes! here he is!" was now uttered in accents of eager interest, and an avenue was quickly made through the crowd for the new performer. There was delay after this, and though doubtless the crowd below could satisfy their curiosity, I was so highly perched and so straitened in my embrasure that I had to wait, with what patience I might, the new arrival. I was deep in my guesses what sort of "artist" he might prove, when I saw the head of a horse peering over the shoulders of the audience, and then the entire figure of the quadruped as he emerged into the circle, all sheeted and shrouded from gaze. With one dexterous sweep the groom removed all the clothing, and there stood before me my own lost treasure—Blondel himself! I would have known him among ten thousand. He was thinner, perhaps, certainly thinner; but in all other respects the same; his silky mane and his long tassel of a tail hung just as gracefully as of yore, and as he ambled round he moved his head with a courteous inclination, as though to acknowledge the plaudits he met with.

There was in his air the dignity that said, "I am one who has seen better days. It was not always thus with me. Applaud if you must, and if you will; but remember that I accept your plaudits with reserve, perhaps with over-reluctance." Poor fellow, my heart bled for him! I felt as though I saw a cathedral canon cutting somersaults, and all this while, by some strange inconsistency, I had not a sympathy to bestow on the human actors in the scene. "As for them," thought I, "they have accepted this degradation of their own free-will. If they had not shirked honest labor they need never have been clowns or pantaloons; but Blondel—Blondel, whom fate had stamped as the palfrey of some high-born maiden, or at least as the favorite steed of one who would know how to lavish care on an object of such perfection—Blondel, who had borne himself so proudly in high places, and who even in his declining fortunes had been the friend and fellow-traveler of ——. Yes, why should I shame to say it? Posterity will speak of Potts without the detracting malice and envious rancor of contemporaries, and when in some future age a great philanthropist or statesman shall claim the credit of some marvelous discovery, some wondrous secret by which humanity may be bettered, a learned critic will tell the world how this great invention was evidently known to Potts, how at such a line, or such a page, we shall find that Potts knew it all.

The wild cheering of the crowd beneath cut short these speculations, and now I saw Blondel cantering gayly round the circle, with a handkerchief in his mouth. If in sportive levity it chanced to fall, he would instantly wheel about and seize it, and then, whisking his tail and shaking his long forelock, resume his course again. It was fine, too, to mark the haughty indifference he manifested toward that whip-cracking monster who stood in the centre and affected to direct his motions. Not alone did he reject his suggestions, but in a spirit of proud defiance did he canter up behind him, and alight with his fore-legs on the fellow's shoulders. I am not sure whether the spectators regarded the tableau as I did; but to *me* it seemed an allegorical representation of man and his master.

The hard breathing of a person close behind me now made me turn my head, and I saw the jailer, who had come with my supper. A thought flashed suddenly across me. "Go down to those mountebanks and ask if they will sell that cream-colored pony," said I. "Bargain as though you wanted him for yourself—he is old and of little value, and you may perhaps secure him for eighty or ninety florins, and if so, you shall have ten more for your pains. It is a caprice of mine, nothing more; but help me to gratify it."

He heard me out with evident astonishment, and then gravely asked if I had forgotten the circumstance that I was a prisoner, and likely to remain so for some time.

"Do as I bade you," said I, "and leave the result to me. There, lose no more time about it, for I see the performance is drawing to a close."

"Nay, nay," said he; "the best of all is yet to come. The pretty Moorish girl has not yet appeared. Ha! here she is."

As he spoke he crept up into the window beside me, not less eager for the spectacle than myself. A vigorous cheer and a loud clapping of hands below announced that the favorite was in sight long before she was visible to our eyes.

"What can she do?" asked I, peevishly perhaps, for I was provoked how completely she had eclipsed poor Blondel in public favor. "What can she do? Is she a rope-dancer, or does she ride in the games of the ring?"

"There, there! Look at her—yonder she goes! and there's the young prince—they call him a prince, at least—who follows her everywhere."

I could not but smile at the poor jailer's simplicity, and would willingly have explained to him that we have outlived the age of Cinderellas. Indeed, I had half turned toward him with this object, when a perfect roar of the crowd beneath me drew off my attention from him to what was going on below. I soon saw what it was that entranced the public: it was the young girl, who now, standing on Blondel's back, was careering round the circle at full speed. It is an exercise in which neither the horse nor the rider are seen to advantage; the heavy monotonous tramp of the beast, cramped by the narrow limits, becomes a stilty, wooden gallop. The rider, too, more careful of her balance than intent upon graceful action, restricts herself to a few, and by no means picturesque, attitudes. With all this, the girl now before me seemed herself so intensely to enter into the enjoyment of the scene that all her gestures sprang out of a sort of irrepressible delight. Far from unsteadying her foot, or limiting her action, the speed of the horse appeared to assist the changeful bendings of her graceful figure, as now, dropping on one knee, she would lean over to caress him, or now, standing erect, with folded arms and leg advanced, appear to dare him to displace her. Faultlessly graceful as she was, there was that in her own evident enjoyment that imparted a strange pleasure to the beholder, and gave to the spectacle the sort of magnetism by which pleasure finds its way from heart to heart throughout a multitude. At least, I suppose this must have been so, for in the joyous cheering of that crowd there was a ring of wild delight far different from mere applause.

At last, poor Blondel, blown and wearied, turned abruptly into the middle of the ring, and with panting sides and shaking tail came to a dead halt. The girl, with a graceful slide, seated herself on his back and patted him playfully. And to me this was by far the most graceful movement of the whole.

It was really a picture, and so natural and so easy withal, that one forgot all about her spangles and tinsel, the golden fillet of her hair, and the tawdry fringe of her sandals; and, what was even harder still, heard not the hoarse-mouthed enthusiasm that greeted her. At length, a tall man, well dressed and of striking appearance, pushed his way into the ring, and apparently presented her with a bouquet, at which piece of courtesy the audience, nowise jealous, again redoubled their applause. She now looked round her with an air of triumphant pleasure, and while, with a playful gesture, she flung back the ringlets on her neck, she lifted her face full to my view, and it was Tintenfleck! With all my might I cried out, "Catinka! Catinka!" I know not why, but the impulse never waited to argue the question. Though I screamed my loudest, the great height at which I was placed, and the humming din of the crowd, totally drowned my words. Again and again I tried it, but to no purpose. There she sat, slowly making the round of the circus, while the stranger walked at her side, to all seeming conversing as though no busy and prying multitude stood watching and observing them. Wearied with my failure to attract notice, I turned to address the jailer, but he had already gone and I was alone. I next endeavored by a signal to call attention to me, and, at last, saw how two or three of the crowd had observed my waving handkerchief and were pointing it out to others. Doubtless they wondered how a poor captive could care for the pleasant follies of a life of whose commonest joys he was to be no sharer, and still greater was their astonishment as I flung forth a piece of money—a gold Napoleon it was—which they speedily caught up and gave to Catinka. How I watched her as she took it and showed it to the stranger! He, by his gesture, seemed angry, and made a motion as though asking her to throw it away; and then there seemed some discussion between them, and his petulance increased; and she, too, grew passionate, and, leaping from the horse, strode haughtily across the circus and disappeared. And then arose a tumult and confusion, the mob shouting madly for the Moorish girl to come back, and many much disposed to revenge her absence on the stranger. As for him, he pushed the crowd haughtily aside and went his way, and though for a while the crowd continued to vent its expressions of displeasure and disappointment, the performance soon concluded, and all went their several roads homeward; and when I looked out upon the empty Platz, over which the dusky shadows of the old houses were now stealing to mingle together, and instead of the scene of bustle and excitement saw a few lingering townsfolk moody and purposeless, I asked myself if the whole incidents were not a vision mind-drawn and invented. There was not one single clew by which I could brace it to reality.

Through the barred window of my cell I could see the clear blue sky, the great constellations, and there was Orion slowly sloping to the west, and actually throwing a sheet of glittering light on the low roofs of the peasants' houses. "Are there worlds up there," thought I, "human hives of work, and toil, and care, and sorrow, like our own?" And I found myself at last croning like a ballad in this wise:

I wish I knew in the stars above
  What sort of a life they lead,
Whether they know the pangs of love,
  What are the books they read.

Can any one say if that twinkling lamp
  Is revolving upon an axis?
What kind of a thing is a lunar scamp?
  Do the people up there pay taxes?

Have they their tides to ebb and flow,
  Salt seas to wash their shores?
And whenever out to dine they go
  Are they plagued like us with bores?

When for a ball they open their house,
  How do the Siderials caper?
Who performs the part of Strauss?
  Have they a *Times* newspaper?

I conclude they have their own aches and ills,
  And I feel a presentiment sinister,
That even they have their Holloway's pills
  And a sham of one for a minister.

I feel, if I looked through a telescope,
  Volcanic remains to see,
That my heart would thrill with a secret hope
  Some Lunar was looking at me.

And whence does the telegraph bring them the news?
  Who is the great penny-a-liner?
Do they worry themselves on the fate of the Jews,
  Or the state of the tea-crop in China?

Do they speculate, too, how old *we* are,
  Whether we're square or round?
I'd like to know do they really care
  Whether we'll be burned or drowned?

"Here's your breakfast," said the jailer, as he stopped the course of my reverie. "And the brigadier hopes you'll be speedy with it, for you must reach Maltz by nightfall."

"Tell me," said I, eagerly, "was there a circus company here yesterday evening? Did they exhibit on the Platz there?"

"You are a deep one, you are!" muttered he, sulkily to himself, and left the cell.

CHAPTER XLII.

I bore up admirably on my journey. I felt I was doing a very heroic thing. By my personation of Harpar I was securing that poor fellow's escape, and giving him ample time to get over the Austrian frontier, and many a mile away from the beaks of the Double Eagle. I had read of such things in history, and I resolved I would not derogate from the proudest records of such self-devotion. Had I but remembered how long my illness had lasted, I might have easily seen that Harpar could by this time have arrived at Calcutta; but, unfortunately for me, I had no gauge of time whatever, and completely forgot the long interval of my fever.

On reaching Innspruck I was sent on to an old château some ten miles away, called the Ambras Schloss, and being consigned to the charge of a retired artillery officer there, they seemed to have totally forgotten all about me. I lived with my old jailer just as if I were his friend: we worked together in the garden, pruned and raked and hoed and weeded; we smoked and fished, and mended our nets on wet days, and read, living exactly as might any two people in a remote out-of-the-world spot, but at length, what from habit and the absence of any thing to suggest a change, I ceased to wish for another existence than such as I led there.

There is a sort of armory at the Ambras, chiefly of old Tyrolese weapons of an early period—maces and halberds, double-headed swords and such-like—and one of our pastimes was arranging and settling them, and cataloguing them, for which, in the ancient records of the Schloss, there was ample material. This was an occupation that amused me vastly, and I took to it with great zeal, and with such success that old Hirsch, the jailer, at last consigned the whole to my charge, along with the task of exhibiting the collection to strangers—a source from which the honest veteran derived the better part of his means of life.

At first, I scarcely liked my function as showman, but like all my other experiences in life, habit sufficed to reconcile me, and I took to the occupation as though I had been born to it. If now and then some rude or vulgar traveler would ruffle my temper by some illiterate remark or stupid question, I was well repaid by intercourse with a different stamp. They were to me such peeps at the world as a monk might have from the windows of his cloister, tempting perhaps, but always blended with the sense of the security that encompassed him and defended him from the cares of existence.

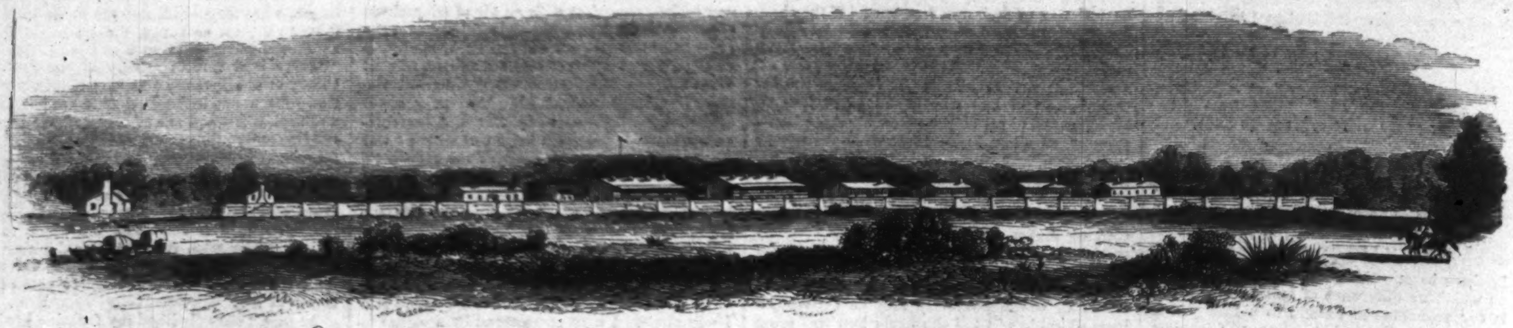
Perhaps the consciousness that I could assert my innocence and procure my freedom at any moment, for the first few months reconciled me to this strange life; but certainly after a while I ceased to care for any other existence, and never troubled my head either about past or future. I had, in fact, arrived at the great monastic elevation, in which a man, ceasing to be human, reaches the dignity of a vegetable.

I had begun, as I have said, by an act of heroism, in accepting all the penalties of another, and, long after I ceased to revert to this sacrifice, the impulse it had once given still continued to move me. If Hirsch never alluded to my imputed crime to me, I was equally reserved toward him.

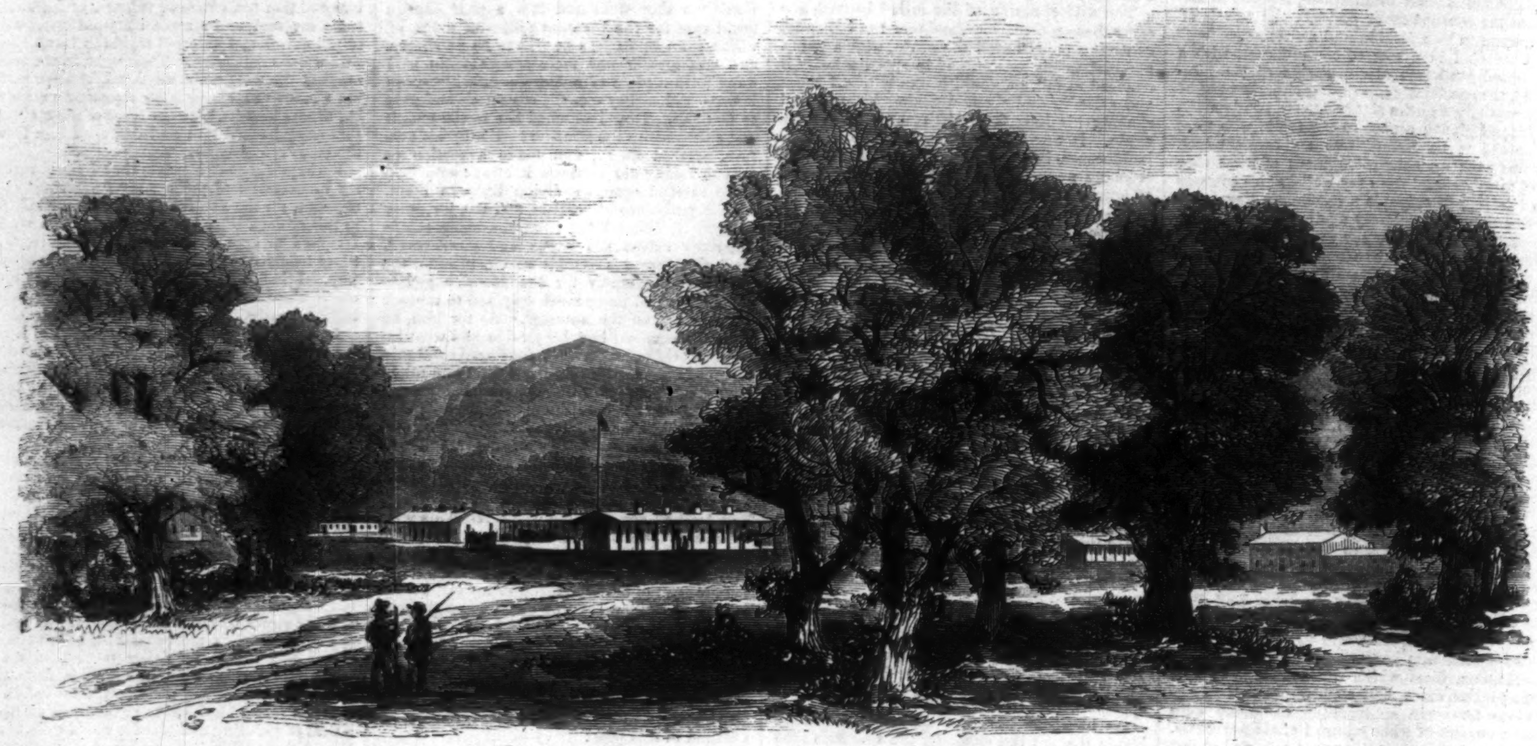
From time to time, a couple of grave, judicial-looking men would arrive and pass the forenoon in reading out certain documents to me. I never paid the slightest attention to their contents, for I asked for no change of life nor any other existence than the present one. My ear at moments would catch the strangest possible allegations as to my exalted political opinions, the dangerous associates I was bound up with, and the secret societies I belonged to. I heard once, too, and by a mere accident, how, at Steuben, I had bribed the jailer to procure me a horse, and thrown gold in handfuls from the windows of my prison to bribe the townsfolk to my rescue, and I laughed to myself to think what a deal of pleading and proof it would take to rebut all these allegations, and how little likely it was I would ever engage in such a conflict.

By long dwelling on the thought of my noble devotion, and how it would read when I was dead and gone, I had extinguished within my heart all desire for other distinction, speculating only on what strange and ingenious theories men would spin for the secret clew to my motives. "True," they would say, "Potts never cared for Harpar. He was not a man to wh[illegible] would have attached himself under any circumstances; they were, as individuals, totally unlike and unsympathetic. How, then, explain this extraordinary act of self-sacrifice? Was he prompted by the hope that the iniquities of the Austrian police system would receive the death-blow from his story, and that the mound that covered him in the church-yard would be the altar of Liberty to thousands? or was Potts one of those enthusiastic creatures only too eager to carry the load of some other pilgrim in life?"

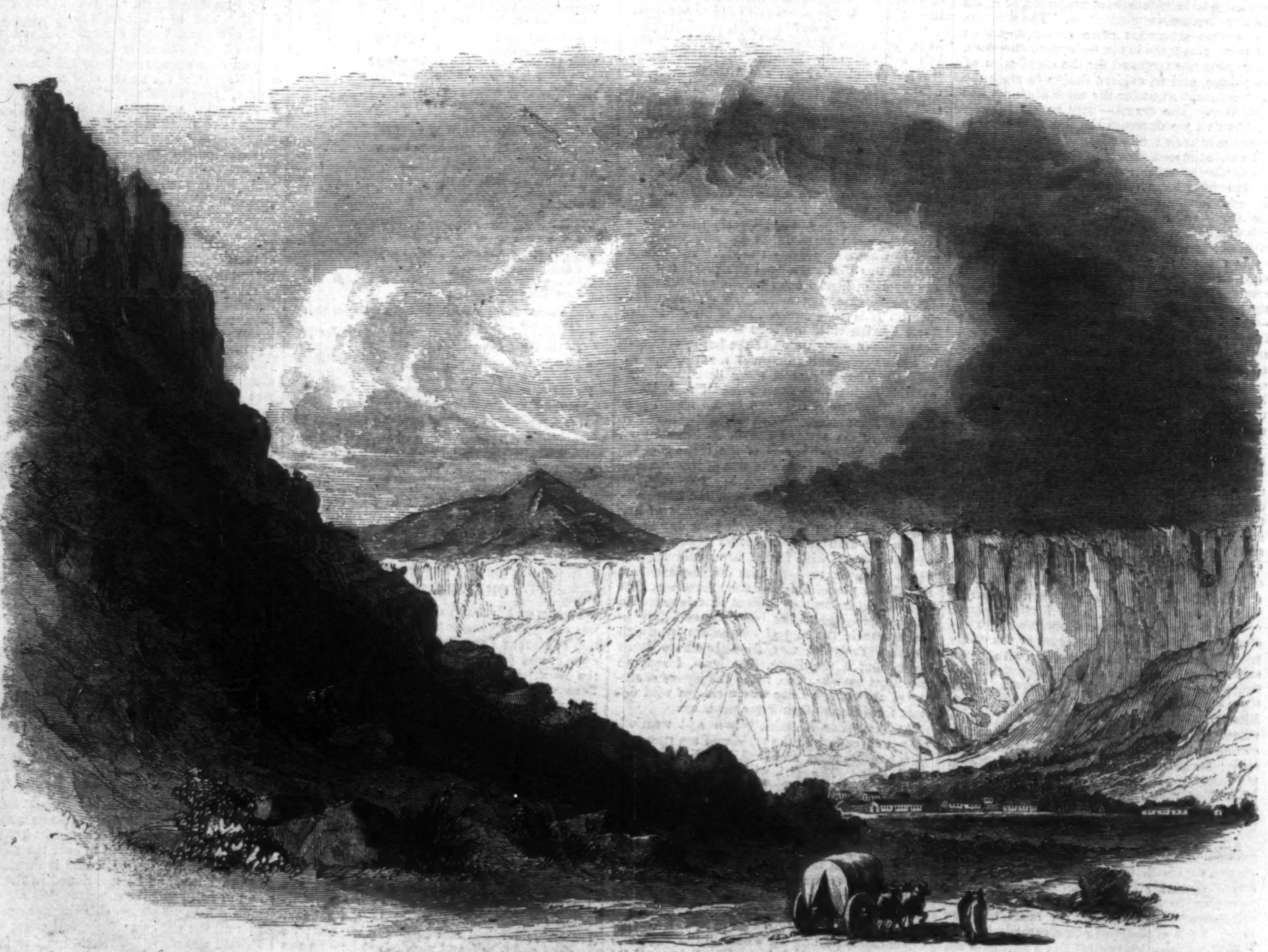
While I used thus to reason and speculate, I little knew that I had become a sort of European notoriety. Some idle English woman, however, some vagrant tourist, had put me in her book as the half-witted creature who showed the coins and curiosities at Ambras, and mentioned how, for I know not how many years, I was never heard to utter a syllable except on questions of old armor and antiquities. In consequence, I was always asked for by my traveling countrymen, and my peculiarities treated with all that playful good taste for which tourists are famous. I remember one day having refused to perform the showman to a British family. I had a headache, or was sulky, or a fit of rebellion had got hold of me, but I sauntered out into the grounds, and would not see them. In my walk through a close alley of laurels I chanced to overhear the stranger conversing with Hirsch, and making myself the subject of her inquiries; and as I listened, I heard Hirsch say that one entire room of the château was devoted to the papers and documents in my case, and that probably it would occupy a quick reader about twelve months to peruse them. He added, that as I made no application for a trial myself, nor any of my friends showed an inclination to bestir themselves about me, the government would very probably leave me to live and die where I was. Thereupon, the Briton broke out into a worthy fit of indignant eloquence. He denounced the Hapsburgs and praised the Habeas Corpus; he raved of the power of England, our press, our public opinion, our new frigates. He said he would make Europe ring with the case. It was as bad, it was worse than Caspar Hauser's; for he was an idiot outright, and *I* appeared to have the enjoyment of certain faculties. He said it should appear in the *Times*, and be mentioned in the House; and as I listened, the strangest glow ran through me—a mild and pleasurable enthusiasm, to think that all the might, majesty, and power of Great Britain was about to interest itself in behalf of Potts!



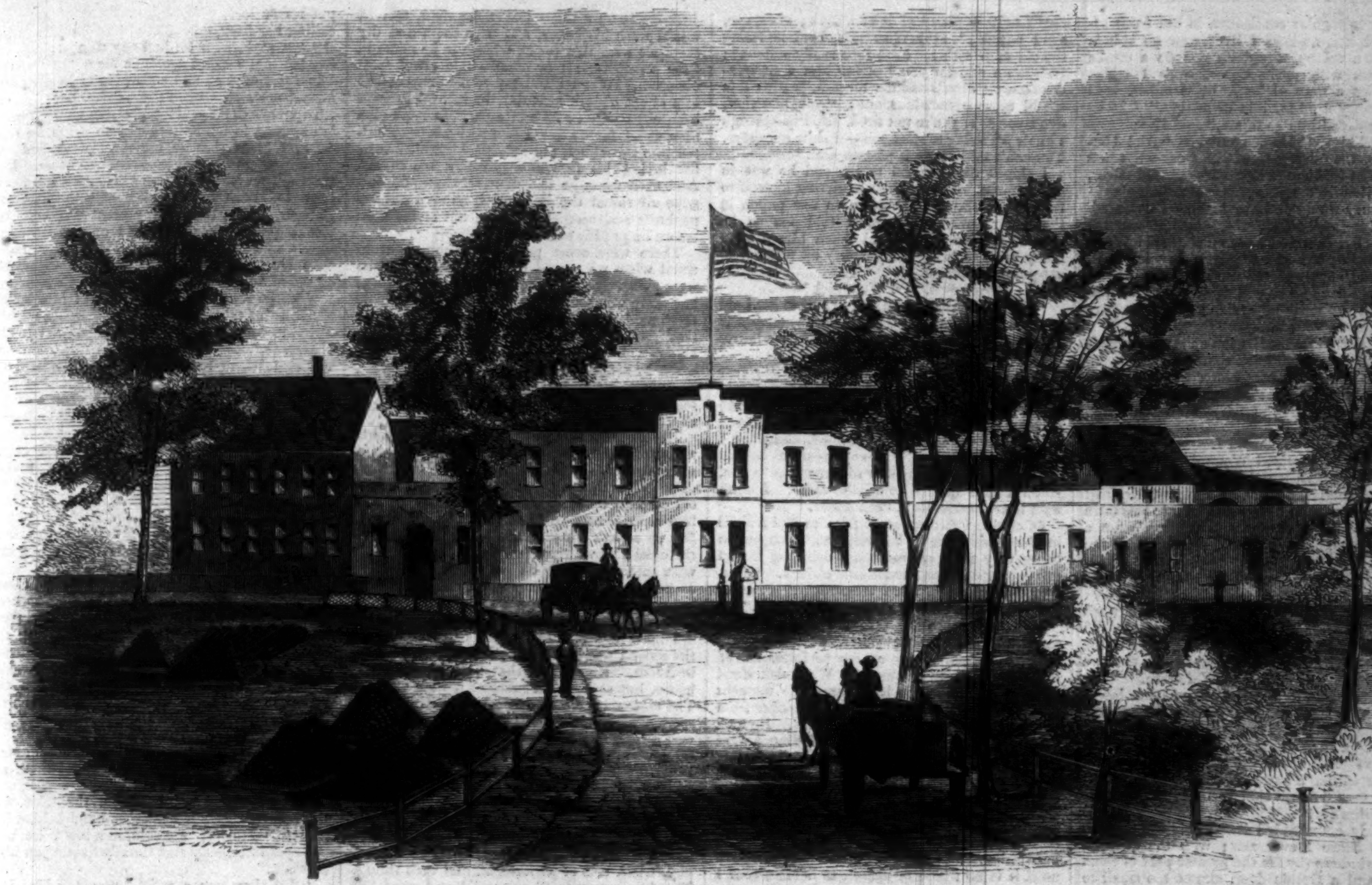
FORT WACHITA, TEXAS.—From a Sketch by a Government Draughtsman.—[See next Page.]



FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.—From a Sketch by a Government Draughtsman.—[See next Page.]



FORT DAVIS, TEXAS, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE EIGHTH INFANTRY.—From a Sketch by a Government Draughtsman.—[See next Page.]



THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.

THE FORTS IN TEXAS.

WE publish on page 172, from views furnished by a draughtsman in the employ of the General Government, pictures of the three principal forts in Texas, which, according to the latest advices, have just been surrendered by General Twiggs to the secessionists. In connection with the event, we may mention that one of the last acts of the late Administration was the dismissal of General Twiggs from the army for treason.

FORT DAVIS, the head-quarters of the Eighth Infantry, is on the San Antonio and San Diego mail route. It is situated in a cañon of the Lympia Mountains, 120 miles from the City of Presidio del Norte, on the Rio Grande, and about 500 miles from San Antonio, Texas. It is in the midst of the country of the Mesculаro Apaches; and the garrison at different times has done good service in checking the Comanches in their plundering expeditions into Mexico, and chastising the Apaches for their thieving propensities. The scenery here is very beautiful; the immense rocks which form the sides of the cañon tower up 500 or 600 feet. It is not known yet whether the Texan troops have made any demonstration on this post.

FORT ARBUCKLE, which is said to have been recently seized by the Texan troops, protects the northern frontier of that State from the forays of the Comanches. It is situated on the Indian Reserve, and is, or was, garrisoned by detachments from the First Cavalry and one company First Infantry regiments. It is named after the late General Arbuckle, of the army. Captain Prince commands the post; Captain Sacket, Captain Beal, First-Lieutenants Stockton, Crittenden, and Powell, Second-Lieutenants Offley and Fish compose the Staff.

FORT WACHITA, situated on the Reserve, sixty miles southeasterly from Arbuckle, at latest dates was also said to have been seized by the Texan troops. It was, or is, garrisoned by two companies First Cavalry, Captain Carr; commander, Captain Wood. It was near here, in October, 1858, that Major Earl Van Dorn encountered and utterly routed the Comanches in a pitched battle.

ARSENAL AT WASHINGTON.

IN connection with the military movements now proceeding at Washington we publish herewith a view of the Arsenal at that city. It stands on the junction of the eastern branch with the Potomac, and is surrounded on three sides by water. Here are founderies, work-shops, magazines, laboratories, and every thing necessary for the manufacture of implements and materials of war. At the present time the Arsenal is a scene of great activity. In front of the Arsenal stand a collection of foreign brass cannon, some of which are trophies taken in battle at Saratoga, Yorktown, Niagara, and Vera Cruz.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

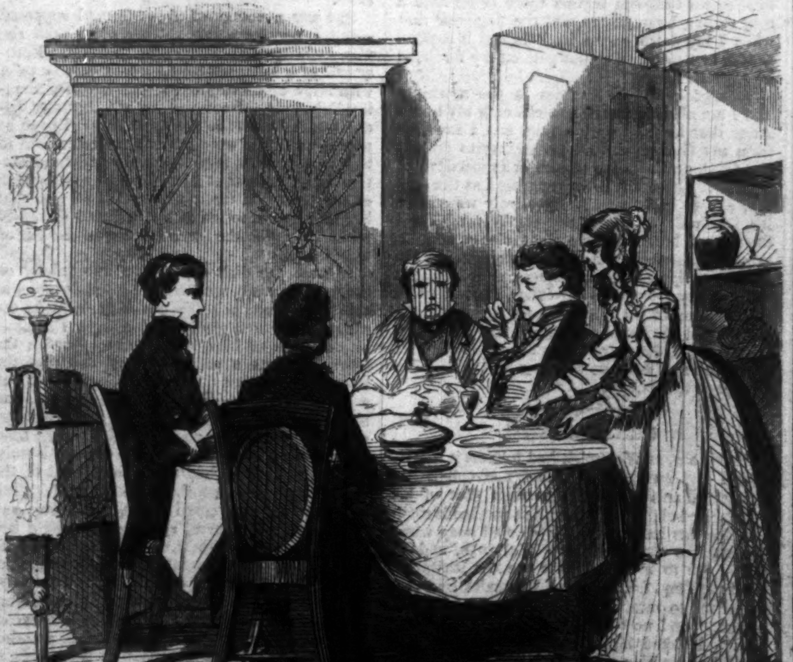
CHAPTER XXIV.

BENTLEY DRUMMLE, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury, did not take up an acquaintance in a more agreeable spirit. Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension—in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large, awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room—he was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He came of rich people down in Somersetshire, who had nursed this combination of qualities until they made the discovery that it was just of age and a blockhead. Thus Bentley Drummle had come to Mr. Pocket when he was a head taller than that gentleman, and half a dozen heads thicker than most gentlemen.

Startop had been spoiled by a weak mother and kept at home when he ought to have been at school; but he was devotedly attached to her, and admired her beyond measure. He had a woman's delicacy of feature, and was—"as you may see, though you never saw her," said Herbert to me—exactly like his mother. It was but natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle, and that even in the earliest evening of our boating he and I should pull homeward abreast of one another, conversing from boat to boat, while Bentley Drummle came up in our wake alone, under the overhanging banks and among rushes. He would always creep in shore like some uncomfortable amphibious creature, even when the tide would have sent him fast upon his way, and I always think of him as coming after us in the dark or by the back-water, when our own two boats were breaking the sunset or the moonlight in mid-stream.

Herbert was my most intimate companion and friend. I presented him with a half-share in my boat, which was the occasion of his often coming down to Hammersmith; and my possession of a half-share in his chambers often took me up to London. We used to walk between the two places at all hours, and I have an affection for the road yet (though it is not so pleasant a road as it was then), formed in the impressibility of untried youth and hope.

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two Mr. and Mrs. Camilla turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a cousin—an indigestive single woman, who called her rigidity religion, and her liver love. These people hated me with the hatred of cupidity and disappointment. As a matter of course, they fawned upon me in my prosperity with the basest meanness. Toward Mr. Pocket, as a sort of grown-up infant with no notion of his own interests, they showed the complacent forbearance I had heard them express. Mrs. Pocket they held in contempt; but they allowed the poor dear soul to have been heavily disappointed in life, because that shed a full reflected light upon themselves.



"MOLLY, LET THEM SEE *BOTH* YOUR WRISTS. SHOW THEM. COME!"

These were the surroundings among which I settled down, and applied myself to my education. I soon contracted expensive habits, and began to spend an amount of money that within a few short months I should have thought almost fabulous; but, through good and evil, I stuck to my books. There was no other merit in this than my having sense enough to feel my deficiencies. Between Mr. Pocket and Herbert I got on fast, and with one or the other always at my elbow to give me the directions I wanted, and clear obstructions out of my road, I must have been as great a dolt as Drummle if I had done less.

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."

"Very much," was Wemmick's reply, "for I have had my legs under the desk all day, and shall be glad to stretch 'em. Now I'll tell you what I have got for supper, Mr. Pip. I have got a stewed steak—which is of home preparation—and a cold roast fowl—which is from the cook-shop. I think it's tender, because the master of the shop was a juryman in some cases of ours the other day, and we let him down easy. I reminded him of that when I bought the fowl, and I said, 'Pick us out a good one, old fellow, because if we had chosen to keep you in the box another day or two we could easily have done it.' He said to that, 'Let me make you a present of the best fowl in the shop.' I let him, of course. As far as it goes, it's property and portable. You don't object to an aged parent, I hope?"

I really thought he was still speaking of the fowl, until he added, "Because I have got an aged parent at my place." I then said what politeness required.

"So you haven't dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?" he pursued, as we walked along.

"Not yet."

"He told me so this afternoon when he heard you were coming to see me. I expect you'll have an invitation to-morrow. He's going to ask your pals, too. Three of 'em, ain't there?"

Although I was not in the habit of counting Drummle as one of my intimate associates, I said "Yes."

"Well, he's going to ask the whole gang"—I hardly felt complimented by the word—"and whatever he gives you, he'll give you good. Don't look forward to variety, but you'll have excellence. And there's another rum thing in his house," proceeded Wemmick, after a moment's pause, as if the remark bestowed on the housekeeper was understood; "he never lets a door or window be fastened at night."

"Is he never robbed?"

"That's it," returned Wemmick. "He says, and gives it out publicly, 'I want to see the man who'll rob *me*.' Lord bless you, I have heard him a hundred times if I have heard him once, say to regular cracksmen in our front office, 'You know where I live; now no bolt is ever drawn there; why don't you do a stroke of business with me? Come, can't I tempt you?' Not a man of 'em, Sir, would be bold enough to try it on for love or money."

"They dread him so much," said I.

"Dread him?" said Wemmick. "Ah! I believe you, they dread him. Not but what he's artful, even in his defiance of 'em. No silver, Sir. Britannia metal, every spoon."

"So they wouldn't have much," I observed, "even if they—"

"Ah! but *he* would have much," said Wemmick, cutting me short, "and they know it. He'd have their lives, and the lives of scores of 'em. He'd have all he could get. And it's impossible to say what he couldn't get, if he gave his mind to it."

I was falling into meditation on my guardian's greatness, when Wemmick remarked:

"As to the absence of plate, that's only his natural depth. A river's its natural depth, and he's his natural depth. Look at his watch-chain. That's real enough."

"'Tis very massive," said I.

"Massive?" repeated Wemmick. "I think so. And his watch is a gold repeater, and worth a hundred pounds if it's worth a penny, Mr. Pip! There are about five hundred thieves in this town who know all about that watch; there's not a man, a woman, or a child among 'em who wouldn't identify the smallest link in that chain, and drop it as if it was red-hot if inveigled into touching it."

At first with such discourse, and afterward with conversation of a more general nature, did Mr. Wemmick and I beguile the time and the road until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth.

It appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a mighty dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest Gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a Gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"There's a real flag-staff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast; smiling as he did so with a relish, and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see; and when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to was mounted in a separate fortress, lightly constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then, at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications—for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up. I don't know whether that's your opinion—"

I said, decidedly.

"At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then I knock together my own little farm, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, Sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but rather seriously too, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions.

Then he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form, and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades," said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well, it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away, and pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?"

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the Castle. There we found, sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat: clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf.

"Well, aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a cordial and jocose way, "how are you?"

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, like winking!"

"This is a fine place of my son's, Sir," piped the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could. "This is a pretty pleasure-ground, Sir. This spot and these beautiful works upon it ought to be kept together by the Nation after my son's time, for the people's enjoyment."

"You're as proud of it as Punch; ain't you, aged parent?" said Wemmick, contemplating the old man with his hard face really softened; "*there's* a nod for you," giving him a tremendous one; "*there's* another for you," giving him a still more tremendous one; "you like that, don't you? If you're not tired, Mr. Pip—though I know it's tiring to strangers—tip him one more. You can't think how it pleases him."

I tipped him several more, and he was in great spirits. We left him bestirring himself to feed the fowls, and sat down to our punch in the arbor; where Wemmick told me as he smoked a pipe that it had taken him a good many years to bring the property up to its present point of perfection.

"Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?"

"Oh yes," said Wemmick; "I have got hold of it, a bit at a time. It's a freehold, by George!"

"Is it, indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it?"

"Never seen it," said Wemmick. "Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. No; the office is one thing, and private life is another. When I go into the office I leave the Castle behind me, and when I come into the Castle I leave the office behind me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally spoken about."

Of course I felt my good faith to be involved in the observance of his request. The punch being very nice, we sat there drinking it and talking until it was almost nine o'clock. "Getting near gun-fire," said Wemmick then, as he laid down his pipe; "it's the Aged's treat."

Proceeding into the Castle again, we found the Aged heating the poker, with expectant eyes, as a preliminary to the performance of this great nightly ceremony. Wemmick stood with his watch in his hand, until the moment was come for him to take the red-hot poker from the Aged, and repair to the outworks. He took it and went out, and presently the Stinger went off with a Bang that shook the crazy little box of a cottage as if it must fall to pieces, and made every glass and tea-cup in it ring. Upon which the Aged—who I believe would have been blown out of his arm-chair but for holding on by the elbows—cried out, exultingly, "He's fired! I heerd him!" and I nodded at the old gentleman until it is no figure of speech to declare that I absolutely could not see him.

The interval between that time and supper Wemmick devoted to showing me his collection of curiosities. They were mostly of a felonious character; comprising the pen with which a celebrated forgery had been committed, a distinguished razor or two, some locks of hair, and several manuscript confessions written under condemnation—upon which Mr. Wemmick set a particular value as being, to use his own words, "every one of 'em lies, Sir." These were agreeably dispersed among small specimens of china and glass, various neat trifles made by the proprietor of the museum, and some tobacco-stoppers carved by the Aged. They were all displayed in that chamber of the Castle into which I had been first inducted, and which served not only as the general sitting-room but as the kitchen too, if I might judge from a sauce-pan on the hob, and a brazen *bijou* over the fire-place designed for the suspension of a roasting-jack.

There was a neat little girl in attendance who looked after the Aged in the day. When she had laid the supper-cloth the bridge was lowered to give her means of egress, and she withdrew for the night. The supper was excellent; and though the Castle was rather subject to dry-rot, insomuch that it tasted like a bad nut, and though the pig might have been farther off, I was heartily pleased with my whole entertainment. Nor was there any drawback on my little turret bedroom beyond there being such a thin ceiling between me and the flag-staff that when I lay down on my back in bed it seemed as if I had to balance that pole on my forehead all night.

Wemmick was up betimes in the morning, and I am afraid I heard him cleaning my boots. After that he fell to gardening, and I saw him from my Gothic window pretending to employ the Aged, and nodding at him in a most devoted manner. Our breakfast was as good as the supper, and at half past eight precisely we started for Little Britain. By degrees Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along, and his mouth tightened into a post-office again. When we got to his place of business, and he pulled out his key from his coat-collar, he looked as unconscious of his Walworth property as if the Castle and the draw-bridge and the arbor and the lake and the fountain and the Aged had all been blown into space together by the last discharge of the Stinger.

CHAPTER XXV.

It fell out, as Wemmick had told me it would, that I had an early opportunity of comparing my guardian's establishment with that of his cashier and clerk. My guardian was in his room washing his hands with his scented soap when I went into the office from Walworth, and he called me to him, and gave me the invitation for myself and friends which Wemmick had prepared me to receive. "No ceremony," he stipulated, "and no dinner dress, and say to-morrow." I asked him where we should come to (for I had no idea where he lived, and I believe it was in his general objection to make any thing like an objection), and he replied, "Come here, and I'll take you home with me." I embrace this opportunity of remarking that he washed his clients off as if he were a surgeon or a dentist. He had a closet in his room, fitted up for the purpose, which smelled of the scented soap like a perfumer's shop. It had an unusually large jack-towel on a roller inside the door, and he would wash his hands, and wipe them and dry them all over this towel, whenever he came in from a police-court or dismissed a client from his room. When I and my friends repaired to him at six o'clock next day, he seemed to have been engaged on a case of a darker complexion than usual, for we found him with his head butted into this closet, not only washing his hands, but laving his face and gurgling his throat. And even when he had done all that, and had gone all round the jack-towel, he took out his penknife and scraped the case out of his nails before he put his coat on.

There were some people slinking about as usual when we passed out into the street, who were evidently very anxious to speak with him; but there was something conclusive in the halo of scented soap that encircled his presence, and they gave it up for that day. As we walked along westward he was recognized ever and again by some face in the crowd of the streets, and whenever that happened he talked louder; but he never otherwise recognized any body, or took notice that any body recognized him.

He conducted us to Gerrard Street, Soho, to a house on the south side of that street. Rather a stately house of its kind, but doleful for want of painting, and with dirty windows. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and little used. So, up a dark brown staircase into a series of three dark brown rooms on the first floor. There were carved garlands on the paneled walls, and as he stood among them giving us welcome, I know what kind of loops I thought they looked like.

Dinner was laid in the best of these rooms; the second was his dressing-room; the third his bedroom. He told us that he held the whole house, but rarely used more of it than we saw. The table was comfortably laid—no silver in the service, of course—and at the side of his chair was a capacious dumb-waiter, with a variety of bottles on it, and four dishes of fruit for dessert. I noticed then, and throughout, that he kept every thing under his own hand, distributed every thing himself.

There was a book-case in the room, and I saw, from the backs of the books, that they were about evidence, criminal law, criminal biography, trials, acts of parliament, and such things. The furniture was all very solid and good like his watch-chain. It had an official look, however, and there was nothing merely ornamental to be seen. In a corner was a little table of papers with a shaded lamp, so that he seemed to bring the office home with him in that respect too, and to wheel it out of an evening and fall to work.

As he had scarcely seen my three companions until now—for he and I had walked together—he stood on the hearth-rug, after ringing the bell, and took a searching look at them. To my surprise, he seemed at once to be principally if not solely interested in Drummle.

"Pip," said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder and moving me to the window, "I don't know one from the other. Who's the spider?"

"The spider?" said I.

"The blotchy, spanky, sulky fellow."

"That's Bentley Drummle," I replied; "the one with the delicate face is Startop."

Not making the least account of "the one with the delicate face," he returned. "Bentley Drummle is his name, is it? Ah! I like the look of that fellow."

He immediately began to talk to Drummle; not at all deterred by his replying in his heavy reticent way, but apparently led on by it to screw discourse forcibly out of him. I was looking at the two when there came between me and them the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed—but I may have thought her older than she was, as it is the manner of youth to do. Rather tall, of a lithe, nimble figure, extremely pale, with large blue eyes, and a quantity of streaming light hair. I can not say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the caldron.

She set the dish on, touched me quietly on the arm with a finger to notify that dinner was ready, and vanished. We took our seats at the round table, and my guardian kept Drummle on one side of him, while Startop sat on the other. It was a noble dish of fish that the housekeeper had put on the table, and we had a joint of equally choice mutton afterward, and then some equally choice birds. Sauces, wines, all the accessories we wanted, and all of the best, were given out by our host from his dumb-waiter, and when they had made the circuit of the table he always put them back again. Similarly, he dealt us clean plates, and knives and forks, for each course, and dropped those just disused into two baskets, on the ground, by his chair. No other attendant than the housekeeper appeared. She set on every dish, and I always saw in her face a face rising out of the caldron. Years afterward I made a dreadful likeness of that woman by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing light hair, to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room.

Induced to take particular notice of the housekeeper, both by her own striking appearance and by Wemmick's preparation, I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian, and that she would quite remove her hands from any dish she put before him, watching as if she dreaded his calling her back, and wanted him to speak when she was nigh, as if he had any thing to say. I fancied that I could detect in his manner a consciousness of this, and a purpose of holding her in suspense.

Dinner went off gayly, and although my guardian seemed to follow rather than originate subjects, I knew that he somehow wrenched the weakest part of our dispositions out of us. For myself, I found that I was expressing my tendency to lavish expenditure, and to patronize Herbert, and to boast of my great prospects, before I quite knew that I had opened my eyes. It was so with all of us, but with no one more than Drummle: the development of whose inclination to gird in a grudging and suspicious way at the rest, was screwed out of him before the fish was taken off.

It was not then, but when we had got to the cheese, that our conversation turned upon our rowing feats, and that Drummle was rallied for coming up behind of a night in that slow amphibious way of his. Drummle upon this informed our host that he much preferred our room to our company, and that as to skill he was more than our master, and that as to strength he could scatter us like chaff. By some invisible agency my guardian—it could have been no one else—wound him up to a pitch little short of ferocity about this trifle; and he fell to baring and spanning his arm to show how muscular it was, and we all fell to baring and spanning our arms in a ridiculous manner.

Now the housekeeper was at that time clearing the table, and my guardian, taking no heed of her, but with the side of his face turned from her, was leaning back in his chair biting the side of his forefinger, and showing an interest in Drummle that, to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's as she stretched it across the table, like a trap. So suddenly and smartly, that we all stopped in our foolish contention.

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Jaggers, "*I'll* show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist."

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist. "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and timidly fixed upon him. "Don't!"

"*I'll* show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Jaggers, with an immovable determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

"Master," she again murmured. "Please!"

"Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, but obstinately compressing his lips, and looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see *both* your wrists. Show them. Come!"

He roughly took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured—deeply scarred, and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers, tracing out the sinews with his forefinger without touching them. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands, but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these."

While he said these words in a leisurely, critical way, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased she looked at him again. "That'll do, Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go." She withdrew her hands and went quietly out of the room, and Mr. Jaggers, putting the decanters on from his dumb-waiter, filled his glass, and passed round the wine.

"At half past nine, gentlemen," said he, "we must break up. Pray make the best use of your time. I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you."

If his object in singling out Drummle were to bring him out still more, it perfectly succeeded. In a sulky triumph, Drummle showed his morose depreciation of the rest of us in a more and more offensive degree, until he became downright intolerable. Through all his stages Mr. Jaggers followed him with the same inexplicable interest. He actually seemed to serve as a zest to Mr. Jaggers's wine.

In our boyish want of discretion I dare say we took too much to drink, and I know we talked too much and too noisily. We became particularly hot upon some boyish sneer of Drummle's, to the effect that we were too free with our money. It led to my remarking, with more zeal than politeness, that it came with a bad grace from him, to whom Startop had lent money in my presence but a week or so before.

"Well," retorted Drummle, "he'll be paid."

"I don't mean to imply that he won't," said I; "but it might make you hold your tongue about us and our money, I should think."

"*You* should think!" retorted Drummle. "Oh Lord!"

"I dare say," I went on, meaning to be very severe, "that you wouldn't lend money to any of us if we wanted it."

"You do me justice," said Drummle. "I wouldn't lend one of you a sixpence. I wouldn't lend any body a sixpence."

"Rather mean to borrow under those circumstances, I should say."

"*You* should say!" repeated Drummle. "Oh Lord!"

This was so very aggravating—the more especially as I found myself making no way against his surly obtuseness—that I said, disregarding Herbert's efforts to check me;

"Come, Mr. Drummle, since we are on the subject, I'll tell you what passed between Herbert here and me when you borrowed that money."

"*I* don't want to know what passed between Herbert there and you," growled Drummle. And I think he added, in a lower growl, that we might go to the devil and shake ourselves.

"I'll tell you, however," said I, "whether you want to know or not. We said that as you put it in your pocket, you seemed to be immensely amused at his being such an ass as to lend it."

Drummle laughed outright, and sat laughing in our faces, with his hands in his pockets and his round shoulders raised, plainly signifying that it was quite true, and that he despised us as asses all.

Hereupon Startop took him in hand, though with a much better grace than I had shown, and exhorted him to be a little more agreeable. Startop being a lively, bright young fellow, and Drummle being the exact opposite, the latter was always disposed to resent him as a direct personal affront. He now retorted in a coarse, lumpish way, and Startop tried to turn the discussion aside with some small pleasantry that made us all laugh. Resenting this little success more than any thing, Drummle, without any threat or warning, pulled his hands out of his pockets, dropped his round shoulders, swore an oath, took up a large glass, and would infallibly have flung it at his adversary's head, but for our entertainer's dexterously seizing it at the instant when it was raised for that purpose.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jaggers, very deliberately putting down the glass, and hauling out his gold repeater by its massive chain, "I am sorry to announce that it's half past nine."

On this hint we all rose to depart. Before we got to the street-door Startop was cheerily calling Drummle "old fellow," as if nothing had happened. But the old fellow was so far from responding that he would [illegible] even walk to Hammersmith on the same side of the way; so Herbert and I, who remained in town, saw them going down the street on opposite sides; Startop leading, and Drummle lagging on behind in the shadow of the houses, much as he was wont to follow in his boat.

As the door was not yet shut I thought I would leave Herbert there for a moment, and run up stairs again to say a word of apology to my guardian. I found him in his dressing-room, surrounded by his boots, already hard at it washing his hands of us.

I told him that I had come up again to say how sorry I was that any thing disagreeable should have occurred, and that I hoped he would not blame me very much.

"Pooh!" said he, sluicing his face, and speaking through the water-drops; "it's nothing, Pip. I like that Spider though."

He had turned toward me now, and was shaking his head, and blowing, and toweling himself.

"I am glad you like him, Sir," said I; "but I don't."

"No, no," my guardian assented; "don't have too much to do with him. Keep as clear of him as may be. But I like the fellow, Pip; he is one of the true sort; I have not been disappointed in him. Why, if I were a fortune-teller—"

Looking out of the towel, he caught my eye.

"But I am not a fortune-teller," he said, letting his head drop into a festoon of towel, and toweling away at his two ears. You know what I am. Good-night, Pip."

"Good-night, Sir."

In about a month after that the Spider's time with Mr. Pocket was up for good, and, to the great relief of all the house but Mrs. Pocket, he went home to the family hole. He called me Blacksmith when he went away, qualified to be an indifferent hostler or a bad gamekeeper.

A BEGGAR'S LOVE.

I'M wan and thin, and worse for the wear;
  My clothes are old, and tattered, and torn;
And there is not a man in all the town
  That looks so thoroughly sad and forlorn.
I wander about the streets all day,
  I sleep wherever I can at night;
I'm an idle, beggarly fellow, they say,
  And what every one says, I suppose, is right.

She is fresh and bright as a new-blown rose,
  And sweet as the twilight her pensive face
And round her undulant shape there flows
  A cloud of silks and a mist of lace.
Flowers cling fondly about her head,
  Drinking the sunlight that melts in her hair;
Her beauty would almost awake the dead:
  Can you wonder that I—the beggar—should dare?

I love her—yes, I, with my shoeless feet,
  With my ragged hair, and my ragged coat;
Dismally loafing along the street,
  The hunger rising within my throat.
I can not help—am I not a man?—
  Loving this beauty that gilds the earth.
The beggar is no more under a ban,
  In this respect, than the man of birth.

At night, when the city is rife with the roll
  Of carriages speeding to some great ball,
I am on the spot, with an eager soul,
  To see her flash through the crowded hall.
Feathers and roses the others see,
  Scintillant diamonds, and foamy lace;
While there is but a single sight for me—
  The sight of that sweet angelic face.

Every day, when the clock strikes four,
  She comes in her beauty down Broadway;
Sometimes she stops at some gaudy store,
  And buys a ribbon or trinket gay.
I know the reason—I watch her well;
  I see her returning, arm in arm,
With a handsome, kid-gloved, well-dressed swell—
  But I wish him no harm—I wish him no harm!

If I had his money and well-cut clothes,
  And his waxed mustache, and his rosy face,
Instead of this haggard mask, who knows
  But I might be quite as well in her grace?
But, bah! what use in my thinking thus,
  When such hopeless thoughts I can drown in a glass?
My only pleasure—poor beggarly cuss!—
  Is to stand at a corner and see her pass.

I blush to say it—yes, I—even I—
  I ask her for alms, with tremulous lips!
But you—you know not the reason why—
  'Tis to feel the touch of her finger-tips.
Though the coin that she drops in my hand degrades,
  The kindly word that she gives redeems;
And through my wearisome night parades
  She fills my vigils with pleasant dreams.

I am a beggar, I know full well—
  I will die in a gutter, the people say;
But the handsome, kid-gloved, tailored swell
  Will splendidly marry her some fine day.
Well, let him do it, with ring and with flowers;
  But the self-same day that the bride is wed
The bell will toll through the noonday hours,
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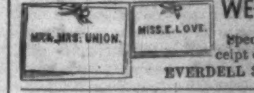
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That prayer—like some electric flame,
Struck with resistless force
The lady's agitated frame—
Nor halted in its course,
Till her hard pride was turn'd to shame,
Her passion to remorse.

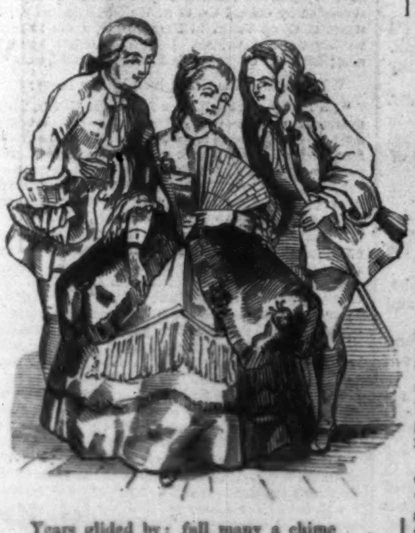
She spoke—her words were very low,
But resolute in tone—
"Dear child! he comes.—Nay, blush not so
To have your secret known:
'Tis best, 'tis best, that I should go—
And leave you here alone."

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,
Her hand was on the door,
Her heart by holy grace had cast
The demon from its core—
And on the threshold calm she pass'd
The man she loved no more.

TAKE WARNING.

ONCE lived a comely maid who, proud
Of charms before which all men bow'd,
Wax'd over-scornful;
'Twas in those good old ages when
Our grandsires were but grandchildren,
But human nature now as then
Of pride is born full.

Although this maid to lovers' prayer,
To lady-killer's deep-laid snare,
Bade bold defiance,
She ne'er intended to remain
A votary in Diana's train,
But form with some well-favor'd swain
A fit alliance.



Years glided by; full many a chime
Told new-year's eve when ruthless time
Her charms invaded,
But thought she not of tell-tale streak
Which scarr'd her brow, of sunken cheek,
Of pallid lip, of voice grown weak,
Attractions faded.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"MY DEAR MR. PIP,—I write this by request of Mr. Gargery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company with Mr. Wopsle, and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's Hotel Tuesday morning 9 o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your poor sister is much the same as when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If now considered in the light of a liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days. No more, dear Mr. Pip, from your ever obliged and affectionate Servant, BIDDY.

"P.S.—He wishes me most particular to write *what larks.* He says you will understand. I hope and do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart and he is a worthy worthy man. I have read him all, excepting only the last little sentence, and he wishes me most particular to write again *what larks.*"

I received this letter by the post on Monday morning, and therefore its appointment was for next day. Let me confess exactly with what feelings I looked forward to Joe's coming.

Not with pleasure, though I was bound to him by so many ties; no; with considerable disturbance, some mortification, and a keen sense of incongruity. If I could have kept him away by paying money, I certainly would have paid money. My greatest reassurance was that he was coming to Barnard's Inn, not to Hammersmith, and consequently would not fall in Bentley Drummle's way. I had little objection to his being seen by Herbert or his father, for both of whom I had a respect; but I had the sharpest sensitiveness as to his being seen by Drummle, whom I held in contempt. So, throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.

I had begun to be always decorating the chambers in some quite unnecessary and inappropriate way or other, and very expensive those wrestles with Barnard proved to be. By this time the rooms were vastly different from what I had found them, and I enjoyed the honor of occupying a few prominent pages in the books of a neighboring upholsterer. I had got on so fast of late that I had even started a boy in boots—top boots—in bondage and slavery to whom I might have been said to pass my days. For after I had made my monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family), and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of those horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

This avenging phantom was ordered to be on duty at eight on Tuesday morning in the hall (it was two feet square, as charged for floor-cloth), and Herbert suggested certain things for breakfast that he thought Joe would like. While I felt sincerely obliged to him for being so interested and considerate, I had an odd, half-provoked sense of suspicion upon me that if Joe had been coming to see *him* he wouldn't have been quite so brisk.

However, I came into town on the Monday night to be ready for Joe, and I got up early in the morning, and caused the sitting-room and breakfast-table to assume their most splendid appearance. Unfortunately the morning was foggy, and an angel could not have concealed the fact that Barnard was shedding sooty tears outside the window, like some weak giant of a Sweep.

As the time approached I should have liked to run away, but the Avenger, pursuant to orders, was in the hall, and presently I heard Joe on the staircase. I knew it was Joe by his clumsy manner of coming up stairs—his state boots being always too big for him—and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his ascent. When at last he [illegible]

friends is no backerder, if not no forarder. 'Ceptin' Wopsle; he's had a drop."

All this time (still with both hands taking great care of the birdsnest) Joe was rolling his eyes round and round the room, and round and round the flowered pattern of my dressing-gown.

"Had a drop, Joe?"

"Why, yes," said Joe, lowering his voice, "he's left the Church, and went into the play-acting. Which the play-acting have likeways brought him to London along with me. And his wish were," said Joe, getting the birdsnest under his left arm for the moment and groping in it for an egg with his right; "if no offense, as I would 'and you that."

I took what Joe gave me, and found it to be the crumpled play-bill of a small metropolitan theatre, announcing the first appearance on the ensuing Monday of "the celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of our National Bard has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

"Were you at his performance, Joe?" I inquired.

"I *were,*" said Joe, with solemnity.

"Was there a great sensation?"

"Why," said Joe, "yes, there certainly were a peck of orange-peel. Partickler, where he see the ghost. Though I put it to yourself, Sir, whether it were calc'lated to keep a man up to his work with a good hart, to be continiwally cutting in betwixt him and the Ghost with 'Amen!' A man may have had a misfortun' and been in the Church," said Joe, lowering his voice to an argumentative and feeling tone, "but that is no reason why you should put him out at such a time. Which I meantersay, if the ghost of a man's own father can not be allowed to ockipy his attention, what can, Sir? Still more, when his mourning 'at is unfortunately made so small as that the weight of the black feathers brings it off, try to keep it on how you may."

A ghost-seeing effect in Joe's own countenance informed me that Herbert had entered the room. So I presented Joe to Herbert, who held out his hand; but Joe backed from it, and held on by the birdsnest.

"Your servant, Sir," said Joe, "which I hope as you and Pip"—here his eye fell on the Avenger, who was putting some eggs on the table, and so plainly denoted an intention to make that young gentleman one of the family, that I frowned it down and confused him—"I meantersay, you two gentlemen—which I hope as you get your elths in this close spot? For the present may be a werry good inn, according to London opinions," said Joe, persuasively, "and I believe its character do stand i; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself—not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome and to eat short with a meller flavor on him."

Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me "Sir," Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat—as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterward fell off at intervals.

"Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery?" asked Herbert, who always presided of a morning.

"Thankee, Sir," said Joe, stiff from head to foot, "I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself."

"What do you say to coffee?"

"Thankee, Sir," returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, "since you are so kind as put that name to it, I will not run contrairy to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?"

"Say tea, then," said Herbert, pouring it out.

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantle-piece, and he started and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good-breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

"When did you come to town, Mr. Gargery?"

"Were it yesterday afternoon?" said Joe, after coughing, as if he had caught the whooping-cough since he came. "No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon" (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

"Have you seen any thing of London yet?"

"Why, yes, Sir," said Joe, "me and Wopsle went off to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red picters at the shop-doors; which I meantersay," added Joe, in an explanatory manner, "as it's drawd too architectooralooral."

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being providentially attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed it demanded from him a constant attention and a quickness of eye and hand very like that exacted by wicket-keeping. He made the most extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humoring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

As to his shirt-collar and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth; had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the City.

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him and out of temper with him; in which condition he heaped coals of fire on my head.

"Us two being now alone, Sir"—began Joe.

"Joe," I interrupted, pettishly, "how can you call me Sir?"

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly preposterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look too.

"Us two being now alone," resumed Joe, "and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—leastways begin—to mention what have led to my having had the present honor. For was it not," said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, "that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honor of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlemen."

I was so unwilling to see the look again that I made no remonstrance against this tone.

"Well, Sir," pursued Joe, "this is how it were. I were at the Bargemen t'other night, Pip;" whenever he subsided into affection, he called me Pip, and whenever he relapsed into politeness he called me Sir; "when there come